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THE GREAT MINDS OF AMERICA.

II.—CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

THE most important possession of a democracy is not its government, but its educated freemen. The university, the college or the school may exist without the aid of government and irrespective of its form—indeed, it flourishes best the slighter its connection with the state; but without education the democracy cannot attain, or nearly approach, its ideals. Education has been enormously diffused by democracy, and it is itself necessary to the proper working of the government of democracy.

Education not only imparts information, but, in the very act of doing this, if it be done properly, it trains the powers of the mind and thus gives to the individual intellectual effectiveness which is of moment not only to himself, but to his country; it develops and ennobles the character; it makes human life a joy to its possessor, and a benefit to its time. The highest product of our schools is the educated gentleman, who serves his fellows with all the power of his trained mind, and with the willingness of his gracious unselfishness. He may fill public place, but, in our democracy, this would be unusual. In democracy and in modern life, government is most important; but those who direct the workings of the government and apply the law, or who legislate, need not be, and usually are not, men of the foremost intellectual

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rank. Richer and more enticing, and essentially nobler, opportunities are offered to the private citizen than to the public servant.

President Eliot has written that "real leaders of American thought in this century have been preachers, teachers, jurists, seers and poets." In exposing the fallacy that "the educated classes become impotent in a democracy, because the representatives of those classes are not exclusively chosen to public office," he says that, in the United States, public offices are conspicuously not the places of greatest influence; that "political leaders are very seldom leaders of thought; they are generally trying to induce masses of men to act on principles thought out long before. Their skill is in the selection of practicable approximations to the ideal; their arts are arts of exposition and persuasion; their honor comes from fidelity under trying circumstances to familiar principles of public duty."

It is well for the democracy, as it is well for its government, when its servants are "men of intelligence, education and honor," who will pay that deference to its thinkers which is, at once, a recognition of the value of the "familiar principles of public duty," which they have declared, and which they maintain by exposition, and, more important still, by teaching.

President Eliot himself is one of the foremost men of influence that this country has ever possessed; but, while he exerts influence, he has no political authority. He is one of our leaders of thought, and because he is so, and because of men like him by whom the country has been influenced, and will be influenced again, our democracy has attained its present position. Whatever hope there may be for the permanence of the republic is based mainly upon the achievements of men in private station whose thoughts have been embodied in our laws, or in the conduct of public men, and upon the influence of men whose inspiring eloquence and poetry have deepened our patriotism.

As we have said, President Eliot is one of those great citizens whose influence is of larger value to us than the authority exercised by public officers—presidents, or governors, or lawmakers. In the university, and out of it, or beyond it, he has been the constant teacher of the great truths which are essential to virtuous citizenship and to efficient and enduring democratic government, and it is well to inquire as to the nature of his teachings.

As President of Harvard University, he has revolutionized the

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system of higher education in this country; and, in the nearly forty years during which he has held this office, he has seen adopted in nearly every American university and college of importance his system of training the aptitudes of youth, a system which recognizes the truth that all minds are not alike and cannot, therefore, be properly developed in the same way, by the same studies. The system has its critics, as well as its admirers; but it is, after all, the system which affords the best opportunity to the best minds, the opportunity which was denied by the old practice of prescribing a single curriculum for all minds—minds which rejected the proffered entertainment, thereby failing to receive the nutrition which they needed, as well as minds which assimilated the nourishment with the delight that waits upon good digestion.

Thus much President Eliot has done for the improvement of the character of the American instrumentalities of education, for the increase of the powers of the American mind. In so brief a sketch as this is to be, however, it is necessary to hasten on to a consideration of his utterances on the state, on the citizen, on the spirit which should animate both.

Eliot emphasizes the superiority of the intellectual man, and of his place and work. He naturally sets a smaller value upon the deeds of the man of action than upon the plans, the theories, the discrimination, the sense of proportion, the prescience, the beliefs and the achievements of the scholar and man of reflection. He asserts that the instruction of the schools of the democracy should not only "stand for the brotherhood and unity of all classes and conditions; it should exalt the joys of the intellectual life above all material delights; and it should produce the best constituted and most wisely directed intellectual and moral host that the world has seen."

There is no one living who more than he has given evidence of being dominated by a very noble and inspiring patriotism. Few public men have ever possessed his clear intellectual view of the meaning and possibilities of democracy, or held so high the torch of liberty—possibly because the mental vision of public men is likely to be obscured, or distorted, or even destroyed, by partisanship or personal interest. Eliot does not count the gains of commerce, or the deeds of man, or the bustling of the multitude, or piled-up riches, or increase of population, or the lucky possession of natural wealth, as the sign of the greatness of the Republic.

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He holds that the first great achievement of the Republic is the advance which it has made towards the abandonment of war. At the time he wrote this, the United States had been a party to forty-seven arbitration treaties—"being more than half of all that had taken place in the modern world." War he counts as hostile to individual freedom, which it crushes, as the "school of collectivism, the warrant of tyranny." He speaks of the declamations, which we have heard so often, in eulogy of war as a developer of noble qualities, and considers them the outgrowings of "perverted sentimentality." War is the "most horrible occupation that human beings can possibly engage in. It is cruel, treacherous and murderous." It does not, in fact, afford the most abundant opportunities for the display of courage, of self-sacrifice, of loyalty, of devotion to duty. Many occupations of peace demand as much heroism as is required of the soldier, and much more independent responsibility, and, it may be added, intelligent conduct. He names the locomotive engineer, the electric lineman, the railroad brakeman, the city fireman and the policeman, as the heroes of peace. The free laborer, who will not obey the behests of a union, who persists in working for the livelihood of himself and those dependent on him against the commands and threats, and despite the violence of strikers, Eliot counts as one of the heroes developed by the nineteenth century. Thus he treats the labor problem of his time with the honesty of courage. He has no time to palter with the enemies of civilization; he has no votes to ask of them; he has no dread of their enmity, if, indeed, they are inclined to visit it upon him. He clears the air of the fog of doubts created largely by the timidity and cupidity of politicians. He includes also among his civic heroes the public servant who "steadily does his duty against the outcry of the party press, bent on perverting his every word and act." Such a public servant is of immense value to a democracy, whose "very breath of life" is "free discussion, and the taking account of all opinions honestly held and reasonably expressed."

"Civilized life," he says, "affords plenty of opportunities for heroes, and for a better kind than war or any other savagery has produced."

Also above the material gains of the democracy, Eliot puts religious toleration, the freedom of opinion being established here more firmly than in any other nation. This is "an unexampled

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contribution to the reconciliation of just governmental power with just freedom for the individual, inasmuch as the partial establishment of religious toleration has been the main work of civilization during the past four centuries." It appears to him that the idea of great centralized power in church or state is inimical to freedom.

Another idea which he advances is, that the gains of the individual in the democracy, through the education afforded by its widely diffused suffrage, are among the greatest of the country. The free opinion uttered freely, the public discussion of questions upon which all must act, all this presents to the intellectual and educated class an opportunity for power and influence, and, consequently, stimulates the desire for education, with which come "better powers of argument and persuasion, a stricter sense of honor, and a greater general effectiveness."

"Peace-keeping, religious toleration, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being," Eliot holds "to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of qualifications and deductions, which every candid citizen would admit with regard to every one of them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all four essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit."

This democracy, which has made these great moral contributions to civilization, is likely to endure by reason of the dominance of ethical principles in its life, because of its freedom of opinion, of religious toleration, of its better domestic relations; of the discipline of its exceptionally extended corporation service which leads to mutual trust and helpfulness, all of which together give "the greater hopefulness and cheerfulness to man's outlook on man, the earth, the universe and God." Excellence in sculpture and architecture, painting and literature; vast systems of intercommunication, and other immense public works, no more

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than great armies, make republics stable, for Athens, Rome, Venice, and the Italian republics fell notwithstanding such possessions. Eliot teaches that the causes of permanence must be moral and intellectual. The American Republic is strong in its achievements and by reason of them. The price of liberty and union is the costly expenditure which goes on without ceasing, all over the country, the expenditure of willing effort. The "success of the United States as a federal union has been and is effected by the watchfulness, industry and public spirit of millions of men who spend in that noble cause the greater part of their leisure, and of the mental force which can be spared from bread-winning occupations." The good works thus accomplished include the working of the "federative principle, which binds many semi-independent states into one nation," a system which demands not only vital force at the heart of the state, but a diffused vitality in every part." The generous voluntary support of religious institutions; the development of our system of education, also, by voluntary gifts; the freedom of incorporation, making "possible great combinations of small capitals"—and "this, while winning the advantages of concentrated management, permits diffused ownership"—"all this illustrates the educational influences of democratic institutions."

Beyond this bare outline, it is unnecessary to go. We have sufficiently indicated the place which the thinker occupies in the democracy, while we have also pointed to the President of Harvard University as an illustration of the power of influence, a power larger, wider, more complete and necessarily more intelligently gained and exercised than is the power of official authority. He is the teacher who has said that "what is virtue in one human being is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city or a nation; that the ethical principles which shall govern an empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality and prejudice are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage"; moreover, that to succeed, the methods of our democracy "must be representative—which means that they are necessarily deliberative, and are likely to be conservative and slow."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XXIV*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography of Me [1885–6].

Mamma and papa have returned from Onteora and they have had a delightful visit. Mr. Frank Stockton was down in Virginia and could not reach Onteora in time, so they did not see him, and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was ill and couldn't go to Onteora, but Mrs. General Custer was there, and mamma said that she was a very attractive, sweet appearing woman.

[*Dictated October 9, 1906.*] Onteora was situated high up in the Catskill Mountains, in the centre of a far-reaching solitude. I do not mean that the region was wholly uninhabited; there were farmhouses here and there, at generous distances apart. Their occupants were descendants of ancestors who had built the houses in Rip Van Winkle's time, or earlier; and those ancestors were not more primitive than were this posterity of theirs. The city people were as foreign and unfamiliar and strange to them as monkeys would have been, and they would have respected the monkeys as much as they respected these elegant summer-resorters. The resorters were a puzzle to them, their ways were so strange and their interests so trivial. They drove the resorters over the mountain roads and listened in shamed surprise at their bursts of enthusiasm over the scenery. The farmers had had that

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scenery on exhibition from their mountain roosts all their lives, and had never noticed anything remarkable about it. By way of an incident: a pair of these primitives were overheard chatting about the resorters, one day, and in the course of their talk this remark was dropped:

"I was a-drivin' a passel of 'em round about yisterday evenin', quiet ones, you know, still and solemn, and all to wunst they busted out to make your hair lift and I judged hell was to pay. Now what do you reckon it was? It wa'n't anything but jest one of them common damned yaller sunsets."

In those days—

[*Tuesday, October 16, 1906.*] . . . Warner is gone. Stockton is gone. I attended both funerals. Warner was a near neighbor, from the autumn of '71 until his death, nineteen years afterward. It is not the privilege of the most of us to have many intimate friends—a dozen is our aggregate—but I think he could count his by the score. It is seldom that a man is so beloved by both sexes and all ages as Warner was. There was a charm about his spirit, and his ways, and his words, that won all that came within the sphere of its influence. Our children adopted him while they were little creatures, and thenceforth, to the end, he was "Cousin Charley" to them. He was "Uncle Charley" to the children of more than one other friend. Mrs. Clemens was very fond of him, and he always called her by her first name—shortened. Warner died, as she died, and as I would die—without premonition, without a moment's warning.

Uncle Remus still lives, and must be over a thousand years old. Indeed, I know that this must be so, because I have seen a new photograph of him in the public prints within the last month or so, and in that picture his aspects are distinctly and strikingly geological, and one can see he is thinking about the mastodons and plesiosaurians that he used to play with when he was young.

It is just a quarter of a century since I have seen Uncle Remus. He visited us in our home in Hartford and was reverently devoured by the big eyes of Susy and Clara, for I made a deep and awful impression upon the little creatures—who knew his book by heart through my nightly declamation of its tales to them—by revealing to them privately that he was the real Uncle Remus whitewashed so that he could come into people's houses the front way.

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He was the bashfulest grown person I have ever met. When there were people about he stayed silent, and seemed to suffer until they were gone. But he was lovely, nevertheless; for the sweetness and benignity of the immortal Remus looked out from his eyes, and the graces and sincerities of his character shone in his face.

It may be that Jim Wolf was as bashful as Harris. It hardly seems possible, yet as I look back fifty-six years and consider Jim Wolf, I am almost persuaded that he was. He was our long slim apprentice in my brother's printing-office in Hannibal. He was seventeen, and yet he was as much as four times as bashful as I was, though I was only fourteen. He boarded and slept in the house, but he was always tongue-tied in the presence of my sister, and when even my gentle mother spoke to him he could not answer save in frightened monosyllables. He would not enter a room where a girl was; nothing could persuade him to do such a thing. Once when he was in our small parlor alone, two majestic old maids entered and seated themselves in such a way that Jim could not escape without passing by them. He would as soon have thought of passing by one of Harris's plesiosaurians ninety feet long. I came in presently, was charmed with the situation, and sat down in a corner to watch Jim suffer, and enjoy it. My mother followed a minute later and sat down with the visitors and began to talk. Jim sat upright in his chair, and during a quarter of an hour he did not change his position by a shade—neither General Grant nor a bronze image could have maintained that immovable pose more successfully. I mean as to body and limbs; with the face there was a difference. By fleeting revealments of the face I saw that something was happening—something out of the common. There would be a sudden twitch of the muscles of the face, an instant distortion, which in the next instant had passed and left no trace. These twitches gradually grew in frequency, but no muscle outside of the face lost any of its rigidity, or betrayed any interest in what was happening to Jim. I mean if something *was* happening to him, and I knew perfectly well that that was the case. At last a pair of tears began to swim slowly down his cheeks amongst the twitchings, but Jim sat still and let them run; then I saw his right hand steal along his thigh until half-way to his knee, then take a vigorous grip upon the cloth.

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That was a *wasp* that he was grabbing! A colony of them were climbing up his legs and prospecting around, and every time he winced they stabbed him to the hilt—so for a quarter of an hour one group of excursionists after another climbed up Jim's legs and resented even the slightest wince or squirm that he indulged himself with, in his misery. When the entertainment had become nearly unbearable, he conceived the idea of gripping them between his fingers and putting them out of commission. He succeeded with many of them, but at great cost, for, as he couldn't see the wasp, he was as likely to take hold of the wrong end of him as he was the right; then the dying wasp gave him a punch to remember the incident by.

If those ladies had stayed all day, and if all the wasps in Missouri had come and climbed up Jim's legs, nobody there would ever have known it but Jim and the wasps and me. There he would have sat until the ladies left.

When they finally went away we went up-stairs and he took his clothes off, and his legs were a picture to look at. They looked as if they were mailed all over with shirt buttons, each with a single red hole in the centre. The pain was intolerable—no, would have been intolerable, but the pain of the presence of those ladies had been so much harder to bear that the pain of the wasps' stings was quite pleasant and enjoyable by comparison.

Jim never could enjoy wasps. I remember once—

From Susy's Biography of Me [1885–6].

Mamma has given me a very pleasant little newspaper scrap about papa, to copy. I will put it in here.

[*Thursday, October 11, 1906.*] It was a rather strong compliment; I think I will leave it out. It was from James Redpath.

The chief ingredients of Redpath's make-up were honesty, sincerity, kindliness, and pluck. He wasn't afraid. He was one of Ossawatomie Brown's right-hand men in the bleeding Kansas days; he was all through that struggle. He carried his life in his hands, and from one day to another it wasn't worth the price of a night's lodging. He had a small body of daring men under him, and they were constantly being hunted by the "jayhawkers," who were proslavery Missourians, guerillas, modern free lances.

[*Friday, October 12, 1906*] . . . I can't think of the name of that daredevil guerilla who led the jayhawkers and chased

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Redpath up and down the country, and, in turn, was chased by Redpath. By grace of the chances of war, the two men never met in the field, though they several times came within an ace of it.

Ten or twelve years later, Redpath was earning his living in Boston as chief of the lecture business in the United States. Fifteen or sixteen years after his Kansas adventures I became a public lecturer, and he was my agent. Along there somewhere was a press dinner, one November night, at the Tremont Hotel in Boston, and I attended it. I sat near the head of the table, with Redpath between me and the chairman; a stranger sat on my other side. I tried several times to talk with the stranger, but he seemed to be out of words and I presently ceased from troubling him. He was manifestly a very shy man, and, moreover, he might have been losing sleep the night before.

The first man called up was Redpath. At the mention of the name the stranger started, and showed interest. He fixed a fascinated eye on Redpath, and lost not a word of his speech. Redpath told some stirring incidents of his career in Kansas, and said, among other things:

"Three times I came near capturing the gallant jayhawker chief, and once he actually captured *me,* but didn't know me and let me go, because he said he was hot on Redpath's trail and couldn't afford to waste time and rope on inconsequential small fry."

My stranger was called up next, and when Redpath heard his name he, in turn, showed a startled interest. The stranger said, bending a caressing glance upon Redpath and speaking gently—I may even say sweetly:

"You realize that I was that jayhawker chief. I am glad to know you now and take you to my heart and call you friend"—then he added, in a voice that was pathetic with regret, "but if I had only known you then, what tumultuous happiness I should have had in your society!—while it lasted."

The last quarter of a century of my life has been pretty constantly and faithfully devoted to the study of the human race—that is to say, the study of myself, for, in my individual person, I am the entire human race compacted together. I have found that there is no ingredient of the race which I do not possess in either a small way or a large way. When it is small, as compared with the same ingredient in somebody else, there is still enough of it

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for all the purposes of examination. In my contacts with the species I find no one who possesses a quality which I do not possess. The shades of difference between other people and me serve to make variety and prevent monotony, but that is all; broadly speaking, we are all alike; and so by studying myself carefully and comparing myself with other people, and noting the divergences, I have been enabled to acquire a knowledge of the human race which I perceive is more accurate and more comprehensive than that which has been acquired and revealed by any other member of our species. As a result, my private and concealed opinion of myself is not of a complimentary sort. It follows that my estimate of the human race is the duplicate of my estimate of myself.

I am not proposing to discuss all of the peculiarities of the human race, at this time; I only wish to touch lightly upon one or two of them. To begin with, I wonder why a man should prefer a good billiard-table to a poor one; and why he should prefer straight cues to crooked ones; and why he should prefer round balls to chipped ones; and why he should prefer a level table to one that slants; and why he should prefer responsive cushions to the dull and unresponsive kind. I wonder at these things, because when we examine the matter we find that the essentials involved in billiards are as competently and exhaustively furnished by a bad billiard outfit as they are by the best one. One of the essentials is amusement. Very well, if there is any more amusement to be gotten out of the one outfit than out of the other, the facts are in favor of the bad outfit. The bad outfit will always furnish thirty per cent. more fun for the players and for the spectators than will the good outfit. Another essential of the game is that the outfit shall give the players full opportunity to exercise their best skill, and display it in a way to compel the admiration of the spectators. Very well, the bad outfit is nothing behind the good one in this regard. It is a difficult matter to estimate correctly the eccentricities of chipped balls and a slanting table, and make the right allowance for them and secure a count; the finest kind of skill is required to accomplish the satisfactory result. Another essential of the game is that it shall add to the interest of the game by furnishing opportunities to bet. Very well, in this regard no good outfit can claim any advantage over a bad one. I know, by experience, that a bad outfit is as

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valuable as the best one; that an outfit that couldn't be sold at auction for seven dollars is just as valuable for all the essentials of the game as an outfit that is worth a thousand.

I acquired some of this learning in Jackass Gulch, California, more than forty years ago. Jackass Gulch had once been a rich and thriving surface-mining camp. By and by its gold deposits were exhausted; then the people began to go away, and the town began to decay, and rapidly; in my time it had disappeared. Where the bank, and the city hall, and the church, and the gambling-dens, and the newspaper office, and the streets of brick blocks had been, was nothing now but a wide and beautiful expanse of green grass, a peaceful and charming solitude. Half a dozen scattered dwellings were still inhabited, and there was still one saloon of a ruined and rickety character struggling for life, but doomed. In its bar was a billiard outfit that was the counterpart of the one in my father-in-law's garret. The balls were chipped, the cloth was darned and patched, the table's surface was undulating, and the cues were headless and had the curve of a parenthesis—but the forlorn remnant of marooned miners played games there, and those games were more entertaining to look at than a circus and a grand opera combined. Nothing but a quite extraordinary skill could score a carom on that table—a skill that required the nicest estimate of force, distance, and how much to allow for the various slants of the table and the other formidable peculiarities and idiosyncrasies furnished by the contradictions of the outfit. Last winter, here in New York, I saw Hoppe and Schaefer and Sutton and the three or four other billiard champions of world-wide fame contend against each other, and certainly the art and science displayed were a wonder to see; yet I saw nothing there in the way of science and art that was more wonderful than shots which I had seen Texas Tom make on the wavy surface of that poor old wreck in the perishing saloon at Jackass Gulch forty years before. Once I saw Texas Tom make a string of seven points on a single inning!—all calculated shots, and not a fluke or a scratch among them. I often saw him make runs of four, but when he made his great string of seven, the boys went wild with enthusiasm and admiration. The joy and the noise exceeded that which the great gathering at Madison Square produced when Sutton scored five hundred points at the eighteen-inch game, on a world-famous night last winter. With practice, that champion

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could score nineteen or twenty on the Jackass Gulch table; but to start with, Texas Tom would show him miracles that would astonish him; also it might have another handsome result: it might persuade the great experts to discard their own trifling game and bring the Jackass Gulch outfit here and exhibit their skill in a game worth a hundred of the discarded one, for profound and breathless interest, and for displays of almost superhuman skill.

In my experience, games played with a fiendish outfit furnish ecstasies of delight which games played with the other kind cannot match. Twenty-seven years ago my budding little family spent the summer at Bateman's Point, near Newport, Rhode Island. It was a comfortable boarding-place, well stocked with sweet mothers and little children, but the male sex was scarce; however, there was another young fellow besides myself, and he and I had good times—Higgins was his name, but that was not his fault. He was a very pleasant and companionable person. On the premises there was what had once been a bowling-alley. It was a single alley, and it was estimated that it had been out of repair for sixty years—but not the balls, the balls were in good condition; there were forty-one of them, and they ranged in size from a grapefruit up to a lignum-vitæ sphere that you could hardly lift. Higgins and I played on that alley day after day. At first, one of us located himself at the bottom end to set up the pins in case anything should happen to them, but nothing happened. The surface of that alley consisted of a rolling stretch of elevations and depressions, and neither of us could, by any art known to us, persuade a ball to stay on the alley until it should accomplish something. Little balls and big, the same thing always happened—the ball left the alley before it was half-way home and went thundering down alongside of it the rest of the way and made the gamekeeper climb out and take care of himself. No matter, we persevered, and were rewarded. We examined the alley, noted and located a lot of its peculiarities, and little by little we learned how to deliver a ball in such a way that it would travel home and knock down a pin or two. By and by we succeeded in improving our game to a point where we were able to get all of the pins with thirty-five balls—so we made it a thirty-five-ball game. If the player did not succeed with thirty-five, he had lost the game. I suppose that all the balls, taken together, weighed five hundred pounds, or maybe a ton—or along there

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somewhere—but anyway it was hot weather, and by the time that a player had sent thirty-five of them home he was in a drench of perspiration, and physically exhausted.

Next, we started cocked hat—that is to say, a triangle of three pins, the other seven being discarded. In this game we used the three smallest balls and kept on delivering them until we got the three pins down. After a day or two of practice we were able to get the chief pin with an output of four balls, but it cost us a great many deliveries to get the other two; but by and by we succeeded in perfecting our art—at least we perfected it to our limit. We reached a scientific excellence where we could get the three pins down with twelve deliveries of the three small balls, making thirty-six shots to conquer the cocked hat.

Having reached our limit for daylight work, we set up a couple of candles and played at night. As the alley was fifty or sixty feet long, we couldn't see the pins, but the candles indicated their locality. We continued this game until we were able to knock down the invisible pins with thirty-six shots. Having now reached the limit of the candle game, we changed and played it left-handed. We continued the left-handed game until we conquered its limit, which was fifty-four shots. Sometimes we sent down a succession of fifteen balls without getting anything at all. We easily got out of that old alley five times the fun that anybody could have gotten out of the best alley in New York.

One blazing hot day, a modest and courteous officer of the regular army appeared in our den and introduced himself. He was about thirty-five years old, well built and militarily erect and straight, and he was hermetically sealed up in the uniform of that ignorant old day—a uniform made of heavy material, and much properer for January than July. When he saw the venerable alley, and glanced from that to the long procession of shining balls in the trough, his eye lit with desire, and we judged that he was our meat. We politely invited him to take a hand, and he could not conceal his gratitude; though his breeding, and the etiquette of his profession, made him try. We explained the game to him, and said that there were forty-one balls, and that the player was privileged to extend his inning and keep on playing until he had used them all up—repeatedly—and that for every ten-strike he got a prize. We didn't name the prize—it wasn't necessary, as no prize would ever be needed or called for. He

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started a sarcastic smile, but quenched it, according to the etiquette of his profession. He merely remarked that he would like to select a couple of medium balls and one small one, adding that he didn't think he would need the rest.

Then he began, and he was an astonished man. He couldn't get a ball to stay on the alley. When he had fired about fifteen balls and hadn't yet reached the cluster of pins, his annoyance began to show out through his clothes. He wouldn't let it show in his face; but after another fifteen balls he was not able to control his face; he didn't utter a word, but he exuded mute blasphemy from every pore. He asked permission to take off his coat, which was granted; then he turned himself loose, with bitter determination, and although he was only an infantry officer he could have been mistaken for a battery, he got up such a volleying thunder with those balls. Presently he removed his cravat; after a little he took off his vest; and still he went bravely on. Higgins was suffocating. My condition was the same, but it would not be courteous to laugh; it would be better to burst, and we came near it. That officer was good pluck. He stood to his work without uttering a word, and kept the balls going until he had expended the outfit four times, making four times forty-one shots; then he had to give it up, and he did; for he was no longer able to stand without wobbling. He put on his clothes, bade us a courteous good-by, invited us to call at the Fort, and started away. Then he came back, and said,

"What is the prize for the ten-strike?"

We had to confess that we had not selected it yet.

He said, gravely, that he thought there was no occasion for hurry about it.

I believe Bateman's alley was a better one than any other in America, in the matter of the essentials of the game. It compelled skill; it provided opportunity for bets; and if you could get a stranger to do the bowling for you, there was more and wholesomer and delightfuler entertainment to be gotten out of his industries than out of the finest game by the best expert, and played upon the best alley elsewhere in existence.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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THE NATURE OF PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, MONCURE D. CONWAY
AND THE REV. DR. W. R. HUNTINGTON.

I.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will not expect from any one of its contributors a philosophy of prayer: only from each one some thought on prayer, some expression of his own experience, out of which the reader may, if he will, evolve a philosophy, or in which, without any philosophy, he may perhaps find an interpretation of his own experience.

Prayer is often treated as though it were an asking for things. Then the question is raised, Do we get the things we ask for? But prayer is something far more and greater than asking for things. It is communion. There is no better definition of prayer than Tennyson's

> "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands or feet."

A boy comes to his father after breakfast in a great hurry. "Father," he cries, "give me a nickel to ride to school; I am late." The father gives him the nickel, and the boy darts out of the door for the passing car. Doubtless, that is a kind of prayer. He has a hard day at school; things go wrong; he suffers some real or fancied injustice; he is guilty of some lapses and neglects; he comes home discouraged. At night he sits down by his father's side before the fireplace, and begins to tell his father the story of the day. His father listens sympathetically; puts in, now and then, a question or a word of appreciation; but he is mainly silent, saying only enough to enable the boy to perceive that his father understands him. Then the boy goes to bed comforted, helped, cheered, ready to take up the next day's tasks with a new spirit. This also is prayer, and of a much higher kind. That this

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is possible, that "spirit with spirit can meet," that souls have been cheered, encouraged, invigorated by such communion, is a truth as well illustrated and enforced by human experience as any truth on which we base our daily conduct.

But prayer is more than conscious communion with the invisible spirit of God: it is also expression to that Spirit. Adoration, reverence, worship, confession, all are prayer, even although the soul may not be conscious at the time of any response. Some of our prayers are letters which we write to express ourselves, and in the mere expression we find a succor or a gladness quite irrespective of any reply. To commune with oneself may be prayer. So at least the Hebrew Psalmist thought: "The Lord will hear when I call upon Him. Stand in awe and sin not. Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still."

> "My God, I thank Thee Who hast made
> The earth so bright,
> So full of splendor and of joy,
> Beauty and light.
> So many glorious things are here,
> Noble and right."

That is prayer, though it asks no answer and expects none. It is prayer because it is the expression of thanks to one's Father; while Robert Louis Stevenson's

> "The world is so full of a number of things
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings"

is not prayer, because it is only an expression of gladness, not of gratitude. But this expression of gratitude may be a prayer, even though it is not expressed to the All-Father, if it is really an expression of a grateful heart though to an unknown Benefactor. When Leslie Stephen, after his wife's death, writes to James Russell Lowell, "I thank—something—that I loved her as heartily as I know how to love," he is uttering a prayer, though he did not know it. I believe that the Father accepted the thanks, though the thankful heart knew not whom to thank.

There are two objections to prayer which the pastor often meets with, neither of which seems to me to be weighty. The first is the immutability and uniformity of law. This is equally an objection to asking anything of any one. In fact, it is the immutability and uniformity of law which makes nature do our bidding. It is because her laws are uniform that we can send the electricity to

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do our errands or harness it to pull our trolley-cars. If in our comparative ignorance of nature's laws we can use her so effectively, why should we think that the Lawmaker cannot do so? The other objection is that God knows what we have need of before we ask Him. This consideration seems to me conclusive against a certain type of praying which is borrowed from pagan philosophy. God is not an unjust judge who can be moved to consideration only by importunity. He is not an absentee God who can be reached only by shouting. But the best gifts can only be given when they are asked for. It is generally only an added provocation to ill-temper to proffer forgiveness to an enemy who does not request forgiveness. It is usually worse than useless to offer unasked advice. Fathers, mothers and intrusive friends often make this mistake. The gift cannot be given unless it will be received; and it will not be received unless it is asked for.

But prayer is not only asking, communing and expressing life; it is also readiness to receive life. Listening to God is as truly prayer as speaking to Him. "Be still and know that I am God"—this also is prayer. Savonarola said that, in his time, the saints were so busy talking to God that they had no time to listen to Him. In our time there is danger that the saints will be so busy serving that they have no time to listen. Perhaps one reason why we do not get more answers to our prayers is that we do not wait in a quiet, receptive mood to learn the answer.

To sum all up: reverence, penitence, love, are the highest phases of our life. To express this life to God, to express it even to an unknown God, and to welcome the influence which quickens and inspires that life is prayer; and it is prayer, although the God may be unknown, and the expression only an aspiration.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

II.

A SCHOLARLY French publicist of warm religious sentiment was recently seized with a desire to inquire into the actual feeling and ideas of the people in his country with regard to religion. He travelled through many regions of France and had interviews with persons of all ranks, of both sexes, the rich and the poor. Among the many incidents that struck me in his report, one impressed me by its simplicity. In conversation with an humble woman at her wash-tub outside the door of her cabin, he finally

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inquired what feeling or conception she had of God. She quietly answered: "He has never seemed to concern Himself about me, and I can't see why I should concern myself about Him." It is probable that, if this learned gentleman had inquired her sentiments toward her heavenly Mother, or toward some familiar Saint of the parish, there might have been less indifference or even none at all. There is little doubt that the philosophical and scientific discussions about the First Cause, the Unknowable and Cosmic Forces, have gradually formalized the exercises of religion even for the multitude, and that many of them have reached, albeit unconsciously, the phase of Voltaire's theism. Walking with a friend in Paris, and meeting a religious procession, Voltaire removed his hat. His friend said, "Are you then reconciled with God?" He replied: "We salute, but do not speak!"

When one has no longer any sect or system to build up, and is entirely outside of the competitive creeds, he is able to consider them all impartially, and is apt to form some opinion as to their respective relations to mankind. He will feel some tenderness for a dogma, however discredited by himself, which seems to console the human heart amid its sorrows, and to cause happiness in the home. The severe logic of modern theology, equally with that of science, carries the idea of deity into a region of ideas where salutation may be admissible, but not prayer. Is it logical to make any suggestion to Omniscience, or to propose any modification of action to Omnipotent Wisdom? Very few minds, however, even of those fairly educated, ever analyze closely such words as "omnipotence" and "omniscience," and the people generally have not been trained by the religious instructors to habits of exact reasoning. Prayer, therefore, has not been so much affected in that direction as by the immense developments of science, which has brought not only the leading intellects into the presence of universal laws, but gradually impressed the unlearned masses with the sense of fixity in outward nature. This is proved by the general transformation of the idea of prayer. There is now a sort of agreement among prayerful Christians that they should not pray for material things, but only for spiritual and moral graces. Of course, in moments of anguish and fear, in the presence of illness and peril, and in trials that move the heart and the affections, prayer for the beloved has a

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character of its own, and is not consciously included in the general pious sentiment against prayer for material things. But this sentiment is the product of the advancement of science. The origin of prayer was to coax some being, as in remote regions the folk still coax fairies, for some material benefit. In eras when the best minds in the East believed that sun and moon and planets were lifted and conducted by angels, it was not incredible that the laws of nature might be suspended by some favorable agent. And even after those pre-scientific notions of nature had disappeared in more civilized regions, the angels becoming gods, the chief aim of prayer was to secure material things. Cicero and Horace maintained that men should pray only for things external, which are not under the control of man, but only of God; and that they ought not to pray for internal qualities—contentment, courage or any virtue—it being man's duty to secure virtues by his own effort. That view of those great and devout men is in striking contrast with the views of prayer now usually held by devout people—that is, so far as these devotional feelings in our time can be included in any general definition. In fact, however, every religious usage is connected with some larger system of faith and ethics which has travelled through the ages and gradually absorbed something from each one of them, so that it contains something for each separate heart. An ancient Persian prophet said: "The paths leading to God are as numberless as the breathings of created beings." There is a striking passage in George Sand, who says of her Pauline: "She found in Catholicism the *nuance* adapted to her character, for all the shades *(nuances)* possible are found in the old religions; so many centuries have modified them, so many men have had a hand in the building, so many intelligences, passions, and virtues have borne to it their treasures, their errors or their lights, that a thousand doctrines are ultimately stored in one, and a thousand different natures are able to draw thence the palliation or the stimulant suited to them."

The eagerness of theologians, ecclesiastics, eminent defenders of the faith, to harmonize their creeds with science, has militated against this interior multiplicity in every religious system. Eloquent divines bring their congregations into the presence of the Immensities. Protestant childhood is brought up on ideas of the worship of creative might and majesty:

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"Great God, how infinite art Thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee."

But why, O Dr. Watts, why should one bow to infinitude? Because we are frail and helpless? On that account we have need rather to dread any giant, especially when we see in the convulsions of nature intimations that the Power uses its strength like a giant. Add two centuries of experience, and Watts turns to Browning, affirming that

"A loving worm within its sod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid His worlds."

Assuming that prayer is real and sincere—not rhetorical, like that of a famous preacher which a gentleman declared to be "the finest prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience"—the prayer of those who have entered their closet and shut the door, one can hardly criticise such prayers any more than the songs of birds. One feels that here we pass out of the region where scientific theology declares that the Lord is in the earthquake, in the tempest and the fire, into a simply human region where the still, small voices alone are audible. I have reverence for these prayers of the simple, because I feel that the love in them is human love, and that they are really petitions to a heart like our own. They are unconscious relics of, and surviving witnesses to, the unsophisticated faith which abhorred evil and loved good, and recognized these in beneficent and in cruel nature the same as in human hearts. The petitions and requests and grateful expressions passing from one to another in the home and in the commune might pass to supposed invisible benefactors or enemies, just as to this day they pass in children's minds to Santa Claus. In Germany in earlier times Santa Claus was accompanied by a sinister form called Klaubauf. Santa Claus came with a great collection of gifts for the good children, but Klaubauf with a basket to carry off the children who had been naughty. This little judgment-day by masquerading relatives caused such terror and convulsions among the naughty ones that it was prohibited by law.

So far as the Cosmos imagined by science is concerned, the masses of mankind are children. They have inherited certain

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forms of expression for certain feelings. Prayer is one of these. But in a country where education is universal old forms cannot always serve the spirit that originated them. The planet has wheeled into another intellectual and moral region, and the forms of antiquity have waxed old as a garment, and are consumed by the moth of doubt. Men no longer pray for what really concerns them, for the best gifts and blessings of the world. Temporal and actual things used to be prayed for, and they ought to have been, for it is with and amid temporal and material things that an individual mind and heart have to grow and embody themselves in fruit. The fact that people no longer venture to pray for what their hearts do secretly most desire,—what their whole energies are seeking every day,—but devote their prayers to vague and pallid sentiments, is a confession that this old form no longer represents the real forces which made that unceasing prayer which was in some sense fulfilled. It is essential to real prayer that it shall be made in perfect faith; that which is uttered with a doubt in the mind is no real prayer, but only a reverent gesture. The litanies possess literary, antiquarian and some poetic value; they are a kind of scriptures by which our sentiment is connected with that of the human family; and the increasing use of such litanies —chants and responses uttered by processions of monks and pious people, with fear and anguish in their hearts, in a time and region desolated by battle, murder and sudden death—implies the growing difficulty of extemporaneous collective prayer. The old liturgic phraseology and perspective being abandoned, public prayer has the attitude of expecting response and help from a supernatural Power,—a miracle, in fact. But as we have ceased to expect any miracle, of the old kind, that attitude seems to endanger the sincerity and the poetic elevation of the individual mind.

Saint-Beuve says: "There is in most men a dead young poet whom the man survives." I cannot help feeling that the fact that we must needs look into the past for our greatest poetry is due to the failure of Christianity to raise its conception of the universe, out of a discredited supernaturalism, into alliance with the real forces which are steadily mastering and bending the laws of nature to moral and human purposes. It is disheartening to think of a world growing prosy and pessimistic for lack of any such inspiration as that which filled the ancient Buddhists and He-

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brews, although they had no vision of a life after death. In an early recension of Matthew, the Arabic, a beatitude reads: "Happy are the pure in heart, for they have vision of God." For how many millions has life been terrified by visions of God, not discovered by their own hearts, but forced on them by external authority? There are enough agonies and horrors in nature to justify the dogma that all evils are providential, while all the forces nearest the miraculous—learning, genius, enthusiasm of humanity—are engaged in a steady siege against nature. Thus is illustrated in our time the old saying, "*Laborare est orare.*" However much the old formulas and ceremonies may be preserved, the vision of God in the pure hearts will always be in exaltation of that same human heart. Before me is a poem written by an English lady in view of life's close, in which, after acknowledging her Father's "mightier order" in the giant forces of Nature, she writes:

> "Yet, I beseech Thee, send not these to light me
> Through the dark vale;
> They are so strong, so passionlessly mighty,
> And I so frail.
>
> "No! let me gaze, not on some sea far-reaching
> Nor star-sprent sky,
> But on a *Face* in which mine own, beseeching,
> May read reply."

Is this anthropomorphic? Ah, what a miracle is the human face! All that is mystical or poetic in the universe draws near to us only in that face. For multitudes, their life-journey is nearly all through a dark vale, and when the weary wayfarer hears in his dream a voice of early faith saying, "Seek thou My face," his heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek!" There can be no love nor prayer where there is no face. Never did heartfelt prayer ascend to the Unknowable. We ascribe faces to abstractions—Charity, Justice, Truth, Mercy—longing to give objective reality to qualities and sentiments we revere. But the source of prayer is deeper than reverence; it is love; and in the personified Beloved is imaged every face—of child, parent, lover, friend—that ever smiled upon that kneeling spirit, to be shaped at last in that face which lightens the Dark Vale with devotion and tenderness.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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III.

THE essence of prayer is to be sought in man's instinctive longing for companionship. In most discussions of the subject, the petitionary element in prayer is emphasized to excess. Tyndall's famous challenge contemplated that side of it alone. But to make prayer merely a form of mendicancy is to degrade it. Prayer is primarily not so much an asking as a seeking. When it is affirmed of a certain Old Testament worthy that he "walked with God," it is only another way of saying that he had a habit of prayer. His temper was such that he could not abide isolation; he must have some one to walk with, and he found God. What we know, in religious terminology, as the kinds of prayer—confession, thanksgiving, request, intercession, adoration—all of them postulate access. Without the sort of contact which a poet has described as "spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost," no one of the several varieties could be put into use. In psychics it is true of prayer, as in physics it is true of force, that it acts only where it is.

Primitive man seems to have thought approach to the divine presence impossible apart from localization. This was natural enough. Mecca and Lourdes attest the survival of the feeling to this day; but it is steadily losing, both in prevalence and in intensity. Modern astronomy has given the death-blow to the shrine and pilgrimage doctrine of prayer. The likelihood that, in so large a universe, the Deity would confine residence to a few favored spots on the surface of so small an earth daily diminishes. It is becoming evident that the soul must be "full of eyes within," if it would really see God, see Him in his innumerable aspects, see Him as He bears down on all the sides of human life.

Here we touch what is incontestably true in the so-called "new theology." God is to be effectually sought, not at the ends of the earth, nor in the country of the stars, but in the background of the individual consciousness, that spiritual hinterland familiarly known as "the ground of the heart." Where the new theology errs, when it does err, is in confusing the personality of the seeker with that of the Sought. When contact becomes merger, we have pantheism pure and simple; but only insist that man shall stay for ever man, no matter how closely tangent to the God who is for ever God, and the more the intimacy possible between the two is emphasized, the better for the interests of religion.

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Under the doctrine that "the all is God," prayer becomes nothing better than the echo of a cry. Under the very different doctrine that "God is all in all," it is found to be perfectly possible to pray. So much is St. Paul better than Spinoza.

Paul could no more have prayed to Spinoza's God than he could have seriously invoked the atmosphere. To Spinoza, on the other hand, Paul's conception of a God to whom one must "give account" was foolishness. Both men were of Hebrew stock, but it is easier to pray after listening to the Jew of Tarsus than after sitting at the feet of the Jew of Amsterdam. We "roll the psalm to wintry skies" with a vengeance, when every trace of personality has been washed out of our idea of God and Deity has come to be esteemed only as a more attenuated ether.

To concede, as I have already done by implication, that the petitionary power of prayer has limits, no more nullifies that power than does a like concession in the debate over free will compel acquiescence in determinism. A man's inability to do all the things he would like to do is no proof that none of the things he would like to do can he do. Christ's apparently unlimited promises of answer to prayer are found, under scrutiny, to have been carefully conditioned. On the other hand, the supposed demonstrations of the impossibility of any such answer, in view of the fixity of the "laws of nature," are less frequently pressed upon us now than they used to be forty years ago. There is far more reserve among experts than there once was as to the limits of the possible. Where it is a question of setting bounds to the Power that lies back of nature, the present-day masters of science observe a wise caution. It is for the most part the apprentices that make the noise. That there is anything that can, in the strict sense of the word, be called mandatory in natural "law," no competent scientific thinker will allege. Formulas are not commandments, sequences are not statutes. "Law" is a figure of speech when applied to cosmic processes.

The system of nature may be not unfairly likened to a Jacquard loom, of which the upper portion, where the perforated cards which regulate the pattern hang, has been concealed from view. Replacements and variations in that part of the mechanism would not be discoverable by the observer watching the movements of the shuttle down below; but, all the same, there would be departure from what, immediately before, had seemed to the looker-on the

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inevitable sameness of design in the output. There may be some similar relation between the pattern of our lives, as worked out at "the roaring loom of time," and that night side of nature as respects which the wisest of us are agnostics. Answers to prayer may prove to have been in process of evolution, even while we were gazing at the wheels and levers of the huge nature-machine and crooning mournfully to ourselves the old refrain, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be . . . and there is no new thing under the sun." Our ardent wishes are our most real prayers, and that men often see the fulfilment of these, either to their health or to their hurt, is matter of common observation.*

One more point in connection with the Christian doctrine of prayer may well be noted, and that is the stress which Jesus laid upon the importance of asking in his Name. There is nothing that at all answers to this in any other religion. The very uniqueness of the requirement gives it interest.

It seems childish to suppose that this condition of efficacious prayer is fulfilled by merely going through the form of appending to such petitions as we may offer the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord." As a matter of fact, we pray in the name of Christ, then and only then, when we pray in the spirit and power of Christ.

Praying in the spirit of Christ means praying filially, as He invariably did. Praying in the power of Christ means praying in what we honestly believe to be the line of God's purpose. The Synagogue shares with the Church the doctrine of the heavenly Fatherhood, and the Mosque approximates it; but neither in the Old Testament nor in the Koran do we find any such omnipresent recognition of and insistence upon the filial relation between God and man as pervades the Gospels. Lacking, as they do, the doctrine of the eternal Sonship, both Judaism and Islam fail to do full justice to the eternal Fatherhood. Alike with Hebrew and

* More people and more kinds of people pray than is commonly supposed. Witness the following extract from a letter lately received by the present writer from a negro youth earning the money for his next year's schooling by service in a "Summer hotel." "Aside from the kinds of work, the personal contact with different kinds of men has been also beneficial. Though there were men who were indecent in character, yet I saw men who dropped on their knees both in the morning and in the evening when they were going to bed and when arising. These men did not pretend to be religious either. They were ordinary men of the world. At this hotel I am rooming with a Spaniard, a Russian Jew, a Roumanian and an American."

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Moslem, God is primarily King, and only secondarily Father. Under Christianity, God is King because He first was Father; the right to rule derives from the fact of parentage. The bearing of this article of faith upon the possibilities of prayer is manifest. Drawing near to God in the spirit of the little children who run down the path from the cottage to the roadway, intent upon pouring out their hearts to the father whom they see returning from his work, is a very different affair from presenting timid petitions at the lowest step of a secluded throne. In brief, the symbol of the heavenly Fatherhood meets and answers more of the difficulties which "the intellectuals" find in prayer than any philosophy of the subject has ever begun to do.

Praying in the power of Christ, I defined as trying, under his leadership, to get into line with the divine purpose. The ordinary mechanic who brings wonderful results to pass by his handling of the materials in which he works, does so in the power of the inventor who first found out the process. This is the order always—first, the discoverer, and then the great army of those who bring the discovery to bear and make it tell upon the multitudinous interests of human life.

The humblest drudge in the boiler-room of an ocean liner reaches the haven where he would be because he is working in line with those high intellects whose insight into nature's secrets first made steam navigation possible. In the realm of religion, Christ heads the list of the revealers; we pray in his Name, therefore, whenever, over and above drinking in his Spirit, we make a definite effort to utilize his Power.

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON.

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EUROPE IN TRANSFORMATION.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

To the student of history and politics there is something specially fascinating about the perennial youthfulness of the European continent. This is, of all regions of the world, the one in which fresh elements and unforeseen developments are always arising; and, side by side with institutions which date from the days of remote antiquity, it exhibits continually unmistakable signs of youth and vitality. That this view of a continent which they are wont to respect chiefly on account of its hoary age will surprise some Americans I am well aware; but the majority of them, who visit Europe chiefly for the sake of the past, are, perhaps, not sufficiently interested in present history to form a just estimate. I shall endeavor to justify my opinion by giving an impression of the great movements which, at the present moment, are casting Europe once again into the melting-pot, and thus showing that she is capable of renewing her youth indefinitely.

In the first place, we find that, despite the assimilating and levelling tendencies which are at work throughout the world obliterating the landmarks of race, Europe is still the home of those fresh and primitive emotions known as national pride and racial sympathy. It is becoming increasingly fashionable to decry these sentiments; and to the denizen of the United States, who sees all races fusing beneath the Stars and Stripes, there must be something strange in the mutual jealousies and rivalries of the same races in their European homes. Europe is more youthful than America in this. She exhibits the individualism of the nursery and schoolroom rather than the studied collectivism of adult life, in which peculiarities of character and taste are concealed by education. This individualism has proved too strong for more than one conqueror who desired to form a United States of Europe.

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Charles V in the sixteenth century, Louis XIV in the seventeenth and Napoleon in the nineteenth, failed to obliterate the boundaries of European states and combine them into one empire. One of the great reasons for these failures is the fact that Europe was, (and is) sharply divided as to race, although a process of fusion has been going on for so many centuries.

I am aware that it is no longer considered scientifically accurate to attempt an ethnical division of the races of the world, except on such a fundamental basis as the shape of the skull, but in speaking of "races" in Europe to-day one is bound to adopt a linguistic distinction. Modern Europe contains many fragments of ancient peoples whose languages are distinct from those by which they are surrounded, but broadly speaking, if we take language as the distinguishing feature, there are in modern Europe three great families. These are the Slavs in Central and Eastern Europe (whose influence extends through the Balkan peninsula and is to be found even in Greece), the Teutonic peoples of Northern and Central Europe, and the Latin-speaking races of Italy, France and the Spanish peninsula. Great Britain is a conglomerate, in which the original stock of these islands has been overlaid by successive conquests. After the decay of the Roman Empire the Teutons swarmed over Europe; and even in the central portions, already occupied by the Slavs, they established a political domination. They displaced the Latins in Northern Italy and spread even to Spain. By degrees, however, they were absorbed by those they had conquered in Spain, Gaul and Italy, and the purely Teutonic empire continued to have its centre on the Rhine. The struggle between Slav and Teuton, and between Teuton and Latin, makes up the history of mediæval Europe. The Slavs were weakened by the fact that, in the tenth century, they were cut in two by the Magyars, and, later, by the subjugation of the Southern Slavs by the Turks. For long centuries they remained in thrall; and not till the nineteenth century did the Slav begin to resume the place he had formerly occupied on the European stage. During all this time, the Teuton race was expanding, checked only by the rise of a great Latin-speaking power in France. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, this power was predominant. The German-speaking nations had no political coherence; one by one, they went down before Napoleon, and the conquests of the Latin seemed as sure as in the days of Rome.

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But, almost outside the European pale, a Slav power had been slowly growing; and when Napoleon, feeling his conquest incomplete without its subjugation, threw himself unsuccessfully upon Moscow and retired in such disorder, Russian national self-consciousness awoke. The Slavs owe many debts to France. The Revolution had awakened echoes throughout Europe, among the submerged Slavs as well as among the disunited Germans; French philosophy and literature were the fount of inspiration during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the southern Slavs, their temporary inclusion in Napoleon's empire was the beginning of their national renascence, for to counteract German influence he encouraged their indigenous languages and began a literary revival. Even the crumbling of his empire could not undo this work.

The next period—almost the whole of the nineteenth century—was the gradual apotheosis of the Teuton. The Germanic writers, philosophers and savants took the place of the French in leading the intellectual world. Prussia gradually emerged from the welter of German states, and little by little the awakening of a true national consciousness among these states led up to the events of 1866-1870 and the founding of a new empire. No period of history is more packed with youth and enthusiasm than this, unless we except '48, with its abortive but splendid revolutions. All Europe seemed to be seized with a passion of national fervor, and the Slavs shared in the general reconstruction. Servia had set up a national dynasty in 1829, but both she and Bulgaria only blossomed into full national independence in the seventies. Two other Slav kingdoms, Bohemia and Croatia, had been fighting their way slowly but surely during the whole century, not to independence, but to the recognition of their national character and the restoration of their language, and the seventies saw the first real fruition of their hopes. Greece had thrown off the Turkish yoke as early as 1830, but Hungary gained recognition as a kingdom only in 1867; and Italy, relieased from the German-Austrian yoke and unified under the House of Savoy, emerged as a modern kingdom in 1870. It will be seen, therefore, that, although the Teutonic races entered a new and glorious phase when the German Empire was founded, they had to deal with a very different Europe from that in which Napoleon found such an easy prey. The tendency towards consolidation was as strong as the revival

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of national individualism, and indeed the latter owed much of its power to the former. Austria, for instance, lost many points of weakness in Italy, as she had already in the Low Countries, and emerged far more compact than before, a fact which, although it has not yet produced an "Austrian nation," has certainly assisted the foundation of a genuinely "Austrian" parliament. Russia helped to establish the German Empire by her attitude in the period 1866-1870, and for a time there seemed to be an alliance between those hereditary opponents, the Slavs and the Teutons. It is always necessary, however, to differentiate between the feeling of the Russian people and the attitude of the Tsar and his government. Personal friendship bound the latter to William I, even when their interests diverged; while the cultural bond between France and the Slavs has always been a strong feature in the development of the latter. The attempts of Bismarck to isolate France, and to group the states of Europe in such a way that Germany had the casting vote in any decision, was for a time successful. But he could succeed in retaining Russia's friendship only by giving her a free hand in the Balkans, and that was by no means his desire. Nominally, he did so, and he attempted, with much success, to embroil her with Austria in the Balkans; but, when Bulgaria was struggling in the folds of the Russian embrace, it was more than suspected by the Tsar that Bismarck had done what he could to checkmate Russia through his faithful henchman, Austria. Accordingly, the Slav power, little by little, inclined to an alliance with France—not without misgivings, for republican France had exercised an influence over the Russians which was by no means agreeable to the autocracy. The Russian face, however, was now turned eastward. French gold was needed, and so, at last, Eastern and Western Europe were united in the Dual Alliance as a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance of the Central European Powers.

The Triple Alliance, which has recently been renewed, was considered one of Bismarck's masterpieces, though apparently he did not place much faith in it himself, for he immediately began to attempt reinsurance by secret understandings with Russia. Austria was, and still is, bound to Germany by ties too strong to break. Italy sought security, and for a time desired revenge on France for a long series of injuries terminating in the occupation of Tunis. But she was by no means attached to either of her allies

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and became an increasingly lukewarm supporter. Thus we find the Teuton and the Latin in one camp, and the Slav and the Latin in another. The pivot on which European policy has chiefly turned since the formation of these groups is that knot of mountainous country, with its renascent Slav populations, known as the Balkan Peninsula. Besides the states of Bulgaria and Servia, defined by the Berlin Treaty of 1878, there is the debatable land of Macedonia, and the intrigues of European Powers, small and great, to secure the reversion of this last remnant of Turkish power in Europe, have kept that unfortunate region in a condition of seething unrest. Here is the principal battle-field between modern Teuton and Slav, and the struggle is no less deadly because it is waged, not openly, but through diplomacy. The genuine fighting is as yet done chiefly by the Slavs among themselves, with assistance from the Greeks.

The Slavo-Teuton struggle is one of the main factors in the transformation of Europe now taking place. Despite the political conquests and the growing power of the German Empire, the wave of Teutonism seems to be rolling back, just as the Latin wave has been repelled in former days. In the summer of this year, I had an opportunity of seeing something of one aspect of that Slav revival which is likely to mean so much to Europe. It may be well, before describing it, to give some idea of the character and principal divisions of the Slav family. I am aware that it is now fashionable to decry the power of mere race on the fate and future of nations, and to ascribe their development to geo-political, rather than ethnic, influences. But, if we abandon the strictly scientific definition of "race" and content ourselves with studying the tendencies of those families of mankind which have linguistic affinities, we cannot fail to be struck with the family likeness, modified but not obliterated, which obtains even when there is no geographical connection. Evolution, both religious and political, is largely governed by these family characteristics, and in no race are they so pronounced and so persistent as among the Slavs. The Slav is the imaginative element in Europe—an imagination quite different from that of the keenly perceptive Celt or the ratiocinative Teuton. He is a dreamer, a poet, an idealist. Not for him the achievements—through a mingling of technical skill, industry and inspiration—which have given the Latins their pre-eminence in art and literature. Nor has he, like them, traditions on which

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to mould himself. Of all Europeans, he is nearest to Nature, to the primitive man, and to the soil which he adores. His virtues are his patience, persistency, and a kind of dogged courage; his greatest fault is a lack of that supreme self-belief which is so necessary to success. The Slav is self-conscious, like a child; he knows his own weakness and too often accepts it fatally, even while he may deceive others about it. His political tendencies are communistic, and he is curiously lacking in initiative, organization and concentration. He is a better follower than leader. The Slav peoples have long been unequally matched against the practical, if philosophical, Teutons, but by sheer weight of racial tenacity and persistency they are now bearing back their former conquerors. A word must be said here as to the peculiarities of the national movement in Russia. For political purposes it pleased the Tsar Alexander III to make the words "Slavophil" and "anti-European" synonymous. He and those who have followed him strove to crush down those truly national movements from below for freedom and liberty of conscience, by representing them as the bastards of Europe and no true product of Russian soil. In short, they have attempted to reverse the policy of Peter the Great and some of his successors (who wished to make Russia an European state) by emphasizing her Oriental character. By so doing they hope to prevent the incursion of those liberal tendencies which are playing so great a part in modern Europe. That this view of "Pan-Slavism" and "Slavophilism" was not always current it is needless to say. Bulgaria and Servia were encouraged by pan-Slavonic societies in Russia, and a network of these societies has spread through all the Slav countries. It would seem natural that Russia should take a foremost place in the Slav revival in Europe, but, unfortunately, her policy was so obviously selfish that, between 1878 and 1885, she succeeded in alienating from her all the liberated Balkan States. Her action in Bulgaria, particularly, was so aggressive that it resulted in stimulating the national consciousness to an extraordinary degree. Moreover, the "nationalism" and "Slavophilism" of Alexander III, which he translated into a desire to "Russianize" both in political and religious life, led him to a fierce repression of all his non-Russian subjects, and the treatment of the Poles could not fail to arouse sympathy among the newly liberated Slavs of the south. Consequently, the Russo-Japanese war and the subsequent preoccupation

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of Russia with internal troubles, although they weakened the Slav race as a whole and gave fuller play to German ambitions, have not been regarded as an unmixed evil by the smaller Slav nations, any more than they were deplored by many within the empire itself. Despite the apparent reaction there is no doubt that the weakening of the autocracy by the Japanese victories has helped forward the day when the Russian people will achieve their emancipation, and step by step they are moving forward towards the goal of constitutional government. In Russia the transformation is coming from below; slowly but surely it comes—the hands of the clock cannot be permanently held fast. In their neighbor, Austria, the influence of the Slavs has been largely instrumental in securing representative government, and each section of the race is gradually but surely improving its position.

As a political propaganda Pan-Slavism has been of little use in forwarding this consummation, but as an instrument for quickening national sentiment it has been all-powerful. Mutual jealousies and ancient feuds separate the different branches of the Slavs. They are grouped by their linguistic variations into three families—Russians, Poles and Czechs, and Southern Slavs. Despite dialectical differences, the languages spoken by the members of these three groups are substantially the same, and, as I had an opportunity of testing for myself, a common Slav origin makes it possible for the educated of all these families to communicate with each other. The educated Montenegrin, who speaks the same language (practically) as the Servian, Bulgarian or Croatian, can make himself understood by the Bohemian or the Russian; and the Czech, although he may not know the Cyrillic character in which Russian is written, can also get along with the Russian or Bulgarian. The principal organization for keeping these people in touch is a system of gymnastic societies, known as *Sokols,* from the falcon's feather worn in the caps of the members. Branches numbering over a thousand are established in all Slav countries, and in communities of Slavs in foreign countries like Germany, France and the United States. In 1907 they held a meeting at Prague, at which 23,000 of all nationalities attended (five hundred from America) and manœuvred in a manner which surprised the Austrian and Russian staff-officers who were present. In 1885, when Bulgaria threw off Russian tutelage, there was no native organization save the *Sokols,* which, however, numbered 40,000

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men, all trained and disciplined, and largely helped to save the situation. The object of these *Sokols* is primarily anti-German—their basis is the homogeneity of the Slav race, the preservation of Slav languages and culture, and the stimulation of racial patriotism. They exhibit an amount of organizing and concentrating power at variance with the accepted character of the Slavs. A Russian, asked at Prague what his country could do if the *Sokols* were well developed there, replied: "She would have a constitutional government to-day." Naturally, these organizations are not smiled on by the officials in Russia, but a few exist. There are a large number in Galicia, which sent delegates to Prague. Alas! because the Russians came, the Poles remained away! The Emperor of Austria, out of deference to his German ally and his many German subjects, does not favor the *Sokol* movement and was not present at the Prague meeting. In that city—a German city to all intents and purposes less than half a century ago, the capital in the sixteenth century of the Germanic Roman Empire—the Slav reunion was held amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm and the most ardent patriotism. No word of German was heard, and at the national theatre a significant tableau was displayed which represented the *Sokols* releasing the spirit of the Slav from the fetters imposed by German influence.

To realize the true position to-day in this struggle between Slav and Teuton, one needs to comprehend the change which has come over German ambitions since the accession of William II and the dropping of "the old pilot." Bismarck's policy of controlling the destinies of Europe by an intricate system of alliances was not possible for the impetuous Kaiser, with his predilection for telegrams which blurt out diplomatic secrets. At one time he gave open countenance to the wildest schemes of the Pan-Germanic league, which aim at nothing less than a United States of Europe under Prussian hegemony. The growth of his country in wealth and power since her unification has given him boundless ambitions, and the necessity for an outlet both for trade and population has forced him to embark on a colonial policy. For the furtherance of this policy two things are necessary—a first-class fleet and an outlet on the Mediterranean—and in his efforts to secure these the Emperor is shaking Europe to its foundations, because the balance of power, once established by the Dual and Triple Alliances, is entirely disturbed by the growth of German strength and

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ambitions. The great obstacle to the realization of the last is Great Britain, which both as to white men's colonies and the control of the Mediterranean, is right across the track. Accordingly, it is to a fight with Great Britain for the supremacy of the sea that William II presses. The naval expenditure has grown since 1898 from four to fourteen millions, sterling, and the Navy League, with its 900,000 members, does yeoman service in creating and fostering national enthusiasm. The Emperor William is able, at the same time, to keep France on the rack by his enormous military preparations. All the while, on the flanks of his empire, the Slav revival is steadily at work undermining the Teutonic domination which, at one time, appeared to be an accomplished fact in Central Europe. Austria, Germany's ally, is the scene of the most successful Slav revival; and Hungary, with its Magyar government which might well be a useful tool for Germany, is also torn by the claims of Slavs and Latins. The Baltic provinces of Russia have been purged of their German element, and the Polish provinces of Germany resist any attempt to Germanize them. Holland, Belgium and Denmark may be forced by economic considerations into the empire of Germany; but I noticed a deputation from Flanders and another from Luxembourg to the Slav demonstration at Prague, and the Dutch have held their own against overwhelming odds for too many centuries to be easily frightened. In some regions where the Teuton and Latin are in racial conflict the pendulum is swaying towards the latter. This is particularly noticeable in certain cantons of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and along the Trentino and the Adriatic coast. Bohemia is, of course, the classic example of what a Slav people can do, and it is only necessary to remember that the German language, once paramount, is now practically superseded by that most difficult tongue, the Czech, which had fallen into disuse except as an illiterate *patois*. It is abundantly evident that this check to Pan-German aspirations in Europe will merely stimulate German activity on the sea and towards colonial expansion; and, as Great Britain is her natural rival in these spheres, it is especially interesting to find that, in the last few years, the latter Power has descended from her pedestal of isolation, and has, by means of her *ententes* with France, Spain and Italy, and her convention with Russia respecting certain Asiatic questions, created a new political situation in which Germany is threatened with isolation.

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As a contrast to the individualistic tendency among the European nations, we find, from beneath, a movement which is apparently international. Without going to the extreme with the international Socialists, it is not difficult to imagine that the democratic wave which is passing over Europe is likely to react on national rivalries. Germany, however, declared against this view, when at the last elections a Socialist majority voted to confirm the Imperialism of the Emperor. Great Britain is essentially democratic in her government, despite the King and the House of Lords; Italy, under a constitutional monarchy, is permeated with the most advanced Socialistic ideas, to which her aristocratic classes are yielding converts; Spain, on the surface Catholic and aristocratic, is a hotbed of anarchy and Socialism; Austria has granted the most liberal franchise in Europe; and the Magyars, essentially an aristocratic ruling body, are sitting on the safety-valve in Hungary. Servia and Bulgaria are peasant states; Sweden and Norway are the homes of an educated proletariat; Russia, as has been said already, is sowing the seeds of future liberty with the blood of martyrs. France alone, nominally republican, is essentially *bourgeois,* and despite the windy declarations of French Socialists she will remain so. As a result she is losing power and prestige, for, while autocracies and democracies may strive, your *bourgeois* state is too conservative to do anything but exist.

The question of the moment is whether, in this transformation scene now in progress, the forces from below or the forces from above will prevail. I call national patriotism "a force from above," because it is essentially something outside a man's ordinary ken. It animates him—why, he hardly knows—frequently to the detriment of his immediate personal comfort and welfare. Sometimes it seems dead against his economic existence, as in Bohemia and Hungary, where, both by the individual and by the state, poverty has been preferred to German patronage. The attempts at assimilation, as exhibited in the latest of "isms," internationalism, are founded on a conception of society and of statecraft which are still in the experimental stage. We do not yet know whether the Socialist ideal is realizable, or whether universal peace would be possible so long as terrestrial passions remain. On the other hand, the national revivals in Europe have stimulated literature and art, have quickened the pulse and fired the eyes of

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millions of people, and have spurred them to achievement. Evils have come in their train, but they have not been the negative evils of sloth and indifference.

Here, then, is Europe, at the beginning of the twentieth century, full of life and vitality, seething with change, questioning everywhere as to the why and wherefore of things, instead of—as is the way of old age—accepting what seems to be inevitable. That perennial youthfulness in European blood which has given us, in the last half-century, a new Germany, a new Italy, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and a new Norway and Sweden, will give us a new Russia. The age-long struggles, intellectual as well as political, will continue to be waged with renewed vigor, to the stimulation of endeavor and the generation of fresh ideas. New nations and new aspirations have been, and still are, fighting their way up and modifying the conditions of life even among the ruins of so many empires and societies.

No! Europe is not decadent, with so much young blood coursing in her veins. She is transforming herself afresh, and her future history will be as full of thrilling pages as her past.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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THE MODERN REVOLT IN MUSIC.

BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

During the past few years, the works of a group of ultra-modern composers, foremost among whom is Richard Strauss, have attracted an attention, and compelled a consideration, which, in view of their inherent characteristics, and revolutionary tendencies, are in the highest degree significant. Throwing musical tradition and convention over the moon, and all previously accepted theory and practice of the art to the four winds, these composers, by works so far, perhaps, more remarkable for manner than matter, have succeeded in arousing among their admirers a spirit of extravagant enthusiasm, a rabidly zealous partisanship, which bids fair to become a Cult, and recalls the early days of frenetic Wagnerism.

It is not the intention here to discuss Richard Strauss—the Max Regers and Debussys are not yet individually to be reckoned with—as a melodist or a harmonist; to extol his marvellous orchestration, or decry his little less marvellous cacophony; to assign him a present place as a composer among the great ones of the earth, or to predict his particular niche in some future Temple of Fame. Critics, alive to-day, who characterized as "*Katzen Musik,*" and cacophonic, passages in Wagner which now appear almost obvious in their simplicity, stand as a warning to the dangers and pitfalls of premature critical judgment; while, in view of recent developments, the term "cacophony" is one to be handled with extreme caution and reserve. The endeavor here will be, therefore, rather to point out and discuss the real significance of the theories of Richard Strauss as set forth in his works, and their bearing and far-reaching effect on the theory and practice of modern music, if carried out and developed to their logical conclusion.

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Having climbed the ladder of harmonic development, with Wagner up to Strauss, we can but admit that the terms "concord" and "discord" are purely relative, and as far removed from absolute as are the cognate ones of "right" and "wrong." We have shuddered in times past at so-called Wagnerian discords which now charm us as mellifluous; and, while it can hardly be denied that Strauss's harmonic vagaries may now sound abnormal, even repellent, to many, it may well be that future musicians will regard these, to us, extraordinary manifestations as simple, and even elementary, if and when his apparent theories reach their logical and seemingly inevitable development. We must attribute to Richard Strauss both sincerity and purpose. His daring challenges criticism; his mastery of expression commands thoughtful consideration of what he has to say. To admit anything fortuitous about the new musical Gospel he has begun to preach, would be to write him down the colossal musical fakir he certainly is not. His work is there to speak for itself. Vivid, virile, vital, it is pregnant with that forceful creative energy which makes for progress and development, which leads great movements; and to-day it waves the red flag of revolution and revolt over the musical world.

An art would seem to differ from a science in its greater empiricism, its greater susceptibility to radical and organic change within its own boundaries, and in that elasticity of possible development which ensures the vitality on which its very existence depends. It is true to a certain extent that each art carries in itself the limitations which define it; but this is less true of music, the one purely creative art, whose inspiration, being purely subjective and from within, is not tied down by external limitations, and is therefore free to find ever new forms and methods of expression. But in art there is no standing still; when once a boundary-line is reached, beyond which future progress and development under existing conditions seem impossible, one of two things must happen: either a way to change or modify existing conditions must be found, or the art becomes moribund, and ceases to exist.

That such a boundary-line had long ago been reached in music, was the opinion of Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, an eminent English theorist, late professor of music at Oxford, who, many years back, declared music to be a dead art. In his evident attempt to change and modify existing conditions, it may well be that Strauss is actuated by a similar idea and theory. To understand the

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forces against which Strauss has chosen to array himself, and to appreciate the bearing and possible results of his vigorous effort to change existing conditions which seem, in his opinion, to limit the development of his art, one must, at this point, take up and explain certain technical aspects of the theory and practice of music, which control and govern the situation to an extent which makes even an attempt to call them in question appear subversive, heterodox and iconoclastic—almost, indeed, sacrilegious.

What the foot or yard measure is to the surveyor, the octave is to the musician, the basis and standard of tonal measurement the musical world over; and even in those countries whose musical system differs from our own. According to the tonal relations established by the so-called "equal temperament," a system of tuning invented by Bach, who thereby practically invented modern music, the octave is arbitrarily divided into twelve semitones, each represented by a note on the piano. These twelve semitones, repeated in varying pitch, higher or lower, form our chromatic scale of about seven octaves from the high B of the piccolo, to the low D of the contrafagotto, giving an aggregate of some eighty tonal units which the composer has at his command to express his thoughts. Now, mathematically the possible combinations of these units are absolutely limited; while the laws of harmony, key, tonal relation and sequence, the varying compass of the human voice and of the different orchestral instruments, not to speak of the endless restrictions of convention and tradition, impose still further limitations. Bound by these various limitations, and so believing that a boundary-line of development had been reached, Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, a scholiast himself and deeply imbued with the spirit of the schoolmen, declared music to be a dead art, because all the possible combinations of these tonal units had been exhausted, and an entirely new and original musical thought was therefore an impossibility.

And then came Wagner!

In the Middle Ages, knowledge of any kind was a precious possession, a secret almost, jealously kept and guarded and rendered as difficult of approach to the neophyte as possible, and so, in the spirit of the age, the early musicians, with apparent purpose and seeming delight, bound down their art with chains and fetters of often arbitrary formalism which it has taken two centuries of constant progress and development to unloose. But, while ring-

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ing the death knell of music, Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley lost sight of the fact that merely arbitrary limitations, which like the laws of the Medes and Persians alter not, could have no lasting place in art; that, had the self-imposed restrictions of Palestrina and his compeers been allowed to stand without protest, there would have been no John Sebastian Bach; if no Bach, then no Beethoven; and, without Beethoven, no Wagner. The advent of each of these musical epoch-makers was marked by a removal of some of the pre-existent limitations, by a change in existing conditions; and, lo! the boundary mark was moved on, a wider range and freer scope were obtained, and once more the art progressed. And so by degrees, and little by little, the chains of tradition were loosened, the fetters of convention and arbitrary theory broken; this limitation disappeared, that restriction ceased to bind; and, failing any generally recognized law as to what constitutes beauty in music from a purely æsthetic standpoint, the theory of "*Wohlklang,*" or whatever sounds well, is right, became of almost universal acceptance among musicians.

But this doctrine of Wohlklang, once accepted, carries with it a further corollary, namely: Whatever sounds *at all* is right, when one is accustomed to it.

And this is no extravagant statement; for the most advanced thinkers claim that the human ear may be trained and cultivated to the extent of receiving a pleasurable sensation from any sound or series of sounds, so long as an emotional impression is conveyed thereby; that, psychologically considered, concord and discord are meaningless terms, musical form superfluous, and all harmonic theory a delusion and a snare. And after Strauss's "Salomè," who shall say them nay?

Let us admit, then, that all the possible combinations of the tonal units forming our present scale have been exhausted; let us admit, further, as we may, that all other restrictions imposed by previously accepted tradition, convention, theory and practice, have been removed and set aside as arbitrary and unnecessary—and a glance at the score of "Salomè" will be sufficient to prove that they have been so set aside—what then? Are we to say that this score represents the last word in music; that another boundary-line has been reached to bar further development in the art? Not so; for this score in itself contains evidence pointing to possibilities of further development that are practically limitless; to a

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still further change in existing conditions—a change so radical, so momentous, that, like a second Deluge, it bids fair, if carried out, to alter the face of the musical world.

For many years, the most modern thinkers have looked upon Bach's "equal temperament"—which, by sharpening some notes and flattening others, produces a systematic concordant relation between the series of sounds which form our chromatic scale—as a clever compromise, an ingenious makeshift, that would, in time, inevitably be superseded by a different order of things; and musicians who have spent their lives at the keyboard have realized the deficiencies and limitations of our present tonal system from an æsthetic standpoint. When, for any reason, the existing concordant relations of the degrees or intervals of our present scale are disturbed or falsified, we say that the instrument on which it occurs is out of tune, simply because our ears, having been trained to things as they are, refuse at first to accept new sound relations. But for that reason are such new relations an impossibility? Certainly not; for Wagner surely proved that the human ear can become accustomed to almost anything. The tendency of modern music for years past has been in the direction of chromatic harmonies, and the subdivision of intervals thereby secured; and it would certainly seem as if Strauss were meditating, or at least paving the way for, a revolutionary attack on the last stronghold of music as we know and have known it, the very basis and foundation of our entire system of harmony, the relations between the intervals which form our scale.

The division of the octave in our present system of music into twelve equal semitones, referred to above, is more or less arbitrary, for the purposes of practical harmony. Acoustically, the octave is divided into some forty-eight parts appreciable to the ear called "commas," which when played consecutively produce continuous sound. In Eastern countries, and more particularly in India, there are a number of scales in use which differ so radically from our own that their intervals are not reproducible on any of our keyed instruments, though possible on the violin or any stringed instrument. The reason for this is found in the fact that, while using the same basis of tonal measurement, the octave, this tonal space is differently and variously subdivided. For purposes of illustration and to avoid technicalities in acoustics, it may be said that the intervals forming our scale of twelve semitones proceed regularly

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in groups consisting of four commas each, while the Eastern scales, recognizing the possible subdivision of the semitone, move in irregular groups of more or less than four commas; so that there are scales in use in India containing as many as thirty or more tonal units in the same octave space where our scale has but twelve. The peculiar emotional effect of this more minute subdivision of the scale has been remarked and vouched for by many who have made the music of the East a study. There can be no question as to the possibility of such a subdivision. The notes obtainable by subdivisions of the semitone all exist, and are appreciable to the ordinary ear. Indeed an instrument exists to-day, called an Enharmonic Organ, the invention of Mr. R. H. M. Bosanquet, of St. John's College, Oxford, now in the South Kensington Museum, where each comma is represented by a key, and on which any one of these curious Eastern scales can be accurately reproduced.

The conclusion seems obvious. If all the possible combinations, melodic and harmonic, of a scale containing twelve tonal units, are exhausted, and we expand that scale so as to contain, say, twenty-four tonal units—which could be done in several ways by varying the number of commas in each successive group forming a tonal unit or note, and so arriving at not only one new scale, but many—would not the number of possible combinations be immediately doubled, and the scope of melodic invention broadened and enlarged by just so much? The fact also must not be lost sight of that the builders of our present scale were forced to recognize and provide for the existence and the subdivision of the semitone; and in this way. The two notes, C sharp and D flat, to instance one of the five enharmonic semitones, while represented on the piano or organ by a single key, are by the orchestra played as separate and distinct notes, according to the tonality employed. But the scientific and acoustic aspect of a more minute subdivision of our present scale, its possibility, or effect on our present systems of tuning by equal temperament, mean tone, or unequal or just temperament, is not so much the question as its effect on the melodic material which the composer has at his command. Melody is beyond question the starting-point and the end, the root and basis, of all music; harmony and everything else must follow in its train, for without melody there would be no music. If, therefore, we enlarge the scope of melodic invention by giving to

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the composer an increased number of what might be termed units of musical expression, the possibilities and value of the new melodic combinations thus secured can hardly be estimated.

The effect of a recognized adoption of the idea of a subdivision of the intervals of our present scale would mean revolution indeed; an upheaval which, Samson-like, would overthrow the entire Temple of Musical Art; and who should say who or what might not be overwhelmed in its fall, or buried in its ruins. It would involve a reconstruction, *ab initio,* of our entire system of harmony and tonal relations, if, after the latest inroads of Strauss *et al.*, there is any system left to reconstruct, which is doubtful; as well as a complete change in the method of construction of all keyed instruments, including the harp, piano and organ. One may well stand aghast at the bare contemplation of such a possibility. But such radical changes would, of necessity, be wrought out gradually; two centuries were needed to bring music to its present stage of development, so that the imminence of the possibility need not alarm one.

In this connection the question may well be asked: "What are the indications of intent and purpose in the works of Strauss, or others, which would warrant the assumption that a movement toward a subdivision of the scale was a dominant tendency of the most recent development in musical thought? And, admitting its possibility, which can hardly be denied, is such a movement either practical or probable?" An exhaustive answer to such a question would involve a critical analysis of the works of most modern composers since Wagner, and an amount of technical disquisition hardly interesting, if intelligible, to the average layman. Speaking generally, as noted above, the marked tendency in all modern music toward chromatic progressions, both in melody and harmony, shows at least an instinct among composers toward a subdivision of the scale quite as significant and fruitful of result as a deliberate and acknowledged intent; while, in the latest works of Strauss, who is cited typically in this argument as the most modern, the most daring, and the most successful exponent of the modern revolt in music against tradition and for an entirely free and untrammelled expression of musical thought, the intent to the musician is so evident that he who runs may read. A single instance, in itself so conclusive as to explain and justify the entire point at issue, may be adduced for the layman. Several

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times in the score of his opera "Salomè," which, whatever its defects, must be classed as an epoch-making work, Strauss has made his orchestra play in several different keys or tonalities simultaneously, thereby securing absolutely new tonal relations and sound values, and approximating in effect the intervals of the subdivided Eastern scales hitherto unknown to, and unheard by most of us. Here is not alone palpable intent, but also notable result; for it must be confessed that these are the most thrilling, impressive, and original moments of a score so original as to be absolutely unique. And when we admit this, we also admit the practical downfall and wiping out of all previous traditional theory and practice, and the beginning of a new musical era, when, all limitations and restrictions to the entirely free expression of musical thought having been removed, what is now a revolt will become a revolution that will sweep all before it.

Again, however, the question may be asked: "Were this astounding revolution actually accomplished, the theories of Richard Strauss and all that they imply recognized as the new musical Gospel, and the subdivided scale a generally accepted fact, would the music composed under these conditions continue to be music as we now understand it?" To this, reply may be made that, in view of what has been said above regarding concord and discord, and the fact that the human ear will ultimately accept and enjoy any sound or combinations of sound conveying a definite emotional impression; and, furthermore, failing any definite and recognized canon as to what constitutes in music, from an æsthetic standpoint, that beauty which must be inherent in any art, the experience of the past alone can teach the lesson of the future. Wagner's "Music of the Future" has, in a single generation, become the music of the present; far less revolutionary in tendency than the present revolt headed by Strauss, its beginnings were marked by uproar and the din of critical battle, while the new movement strides ahead, helped rather than hindered by respectful critical comment. The world moves rapidly these days. The musical world learned much from Wagner, and accepted it—finally; it may learn more from Strauss, and there seems no good reason to doubt the same final acceptance for the newer knowledge. Strauss is the logical development of Wagner, as Wagner was of Beethoven. Art, to remain vital, must develop; and will develop as long as the development is logical and sequential.

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But there is another aspect of what we have styled the modern Revolt in Music, a psychological, emotional and temperamental aspect, which has been, perhaps, the most powerful factor in determining the scope and direction of the revolt against hidebound tradition and formal theory now under discussion. Music is first and foremost an emotional art; and those who practise it are more often swayed by their feelings than by their faculties. Who among the army of brain-workers in many fields has not felt and writhed under the lash of the arbitrary "Thou shalt not." Who has not felt the despair of the inevitable, the tragedy of routine, sink like iron into his very soul? Some such feeling as actuated the man who committed suicide because he was tired of getting up, and going to bed, has come to every brain-worker possessed of even a spark of the divine fire. Imagine, then, the creative musician, with soul afire, seeking an outlet for thoughts beyond words, hemmed in, bound down by forbidden intervals and prohibited progressions, harmonies not allowed, chords interdicted, and resolutions proscribed; the chains and fetters, centuries old, of monastic scholiasts. Imagine a poet, or essayist, compelled to end each verse or paragraph with some set phrase such as "This is the end"! And yet this is what the musician who adheres to the stereotyped antiquated formula of the Cadence is forced to do daily. The writer may terminate his thought where, when and how he pleases; while the musician must declare his thought ended forty times during its expression, by a cadence, tacked on much after the fashion of the "Q. E. D." of a problem of Euclid.

But, now that the archaic bugaboo of consecutive fifths and octaves, and the like, has been safely laid by the heels in the limbo of musty tradition, may not the musician inquire: "If consecutive fifths and octaves, why not consecutive augmented fourths or any other interval either in harmony or melodic progression?" And the answer must be: "Why not, indeed, when the whole question has been shown to be one of aural adjustment and assimilation?" We must again insist that no purely arbitrary restrictions proven such by practice and experience, which contain no inherent and self-evident elements of æsthetic right or wrong, can be permanent in a purely emotional art like music. Hence a revolt against all such restrictions was sooner or later inevitable. That it has taken the direction of absolute and untrammelled liberty, not to

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say license—and be it remembered that license has been ever the attendant of successful revolutionary movements—cannot be wondered at, when we consider the temperamental and emotional aspects of the men involved, and the essential character of their work. And after license, greater or less, comes reaction; and when the ear, tortured beyond the possibility of endurance or acceptance, refuses further acoustic vagaries or experiments, we may be in a position to formulate definite canons of what is or is not æsthetic beauty in music, and govern the art accordingly.

One may scoff, sneer at and deride even the idea of the revolution foreshadowed in this modern Revolt; may call it impossible, *impracticable and useless. The same was said of the electric* telegraph little more than half a century ago; and to-day the phonograph and wireless telegraphy are but ordinary incidents in our daily life. But, say what we will, think as we may, believe or doubt as our attitude of mind is liberal or narrow, progressive or reactionary, the modern revolt in music, as typified in the works of the arch-innovator Richard Strauss, is with us, and advancing in importance and influence with giant strides.

And because of it, the musical world to-day is confronted with an unusual dilemma. Either we must accept the music of Strauss and all that it implies, and thereby admit the possibility, at least, of such consequent organic changes in the art as have been outlined above; or we must reject it as outside the proper limitations of music, and admit that the boundary-line which cannot be passed has been reached, the last word in musical form and expression spoken, and that, after two centuries of constant sequential development, music has become a dead art.

No; a thousand times, no!

Even a cursory glance at existing musical conditions is sufficient to show that, at the present moment, music is farther than ever from being a dead art. The whole musical atmosphere is charged with the unrest of progress, the desire of new things; and, unless all signs fail, it can hardly be doubted that we stand to-day on the threshold of a revolution involving a reconstruction of our present scale, so important and far-reaching that it bids fair to change the face of the musical world.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

BY FINANCIER.

ALMOST every one appreciates the difficulty of accumulating money; a constantly increasing number are learning that the wise investment of funds after their acquisition is not an easy task. There is a growing inquiry for information regarding the best use to which to put funds, in order that not only may the repayment be assured, but also that the yield may be as large as is consonant with safety.

The United States Census Bureau estimates that the wealth of the United States increases about four billions of dollars a year; in other words, every time the sun sets, our wealth is about $10,000,000 greater than it was at the close of the day before. The reinvestment of this enormous accretion, or at least of that part of the increase which is available for reinvestment, constitutes an enormous task and one in which more and more people are interested each year.

The simplest form of investment is a loan. The borrower agrees to return to the lender, after a certain period, the amount advanced, and, in addition, a specified sum called "interest," which represents to the borrower the value of the use of the money borrowed for the time agreed upon.

Nearly every form of investment, even under the complex development of modern economic conditions, if properly analyzed, resolves itself into a loan of some sort. If one deposits money in a savings-bank or trust company, he but loans the money to the bank; if he buys a mortgage, he loans to the owner of the mortgaged property, while if he buys a bond he becomes the creditor of a corporation.

This classification of investors as lenders neglects investments in real estate, in stocks or in business enterprises, because, when

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one makes a purchase of this kind, he does so, not with the idea of receiving his principal back after a certain time, *plus* interest for its use, but he anticipates more particularly a profit from the venture. He anticipates that this profit will be more than would be the interest on his outlay. So he assumes a greater risk than he would have incurred had he desired an investment only.

It is the purpose of this article to consider the relative value of some of the more common forms of pure investment.

For the man who has a small sum of idle money which he wishes to use in such a way that it will bring him in some return, there is probably no better place for his funds than a savings-bank. Many people, however, have savings-bank deposits aggregating thousands of dollars each, and it is something of a question whether or not such individuals have made the wisest choice in placing their funds. Savings-banks are, as a class, conservatively managed, and therefore the risk attaching to a savings-bank deposit is not great. Savings-banks in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and some other States are especially noted for their strength. In New York, a savings-bank is a philanthropic institution. It has no capital stock and the depositors are entitled to the benefit of all the earnings. The trustees, or directors, serve without salary. Moreover, the character of the investments, in which the deposits may be placed, is carefully prescribed.

In many States, however, saving-banks are stock corporations and are organized primarily to make money for their owners. They are not restricted as to their investments. The owners, in order to pay dividends on the stock, and, at the same time, to allow an attractive rate on the savings deposits, occasionally make hazardous or speculative investments with the hope of obtaining large profits. Such ventures not infrequently end in disaster, with a resulting loss to the bank-depositors.

There are each year some instances of defalcations on the part of savings-bank officers or employees. While the aggregate amount of losses due to such peculations is small, the depositor, in entrusting his savings to the officials of the bank, always risks the possibility of a betrayal of the trust.

Savings-banks, if conservatively managed, cannot pay a high rate of interest, and the depositor—if he will take the trouble to investigate—will find, in many cases, that there are other suitable forms of investment, which, while offering equal or superior

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security to that afforded by the bank, at the same time yield a better return than the interest paid by the bank.

Loans, secured by real-estate mortgages, pay, as a class, higher rates than savings-banks deposits, but this form of investment offers certain difficulties to the average investor. Before the lender can be assured as to the safety of the loan, he must know all about the property, he must be able to appraise its value and he should also know something about the character of the borrower. Even if the value of the property offers adequate security, the investor does not wish to go through the tedious and technical process of foreclosure in order to collect his loan. Mortgage loans are not readily marketable, nor are they easily divisible, and therefore a lender on a mortgage, if he wishes to use a part or all of his money prior to the maturity of the loan, runs the risk of encountering much difficulty in trying to dispose of his security. A mortgage loan cannot readily be used as collateral should the owner desire to borrow on it. The lack of convertibility or "marketability" is one of the chief objections to mortgages as investments. Their lack of availability is another. It is not easy, ordinarily, to obtain a mortgage for just the amount you may wish to invest, running just the length of time you desire, and, at the same time, secured by a piece of property such as you care to loan upon.

Companies have been organized during the past few years whose business it is to make large loans on mortgages, and to sell small participations, of $100, $500 or $1,000, in the larger loans. Some companies add their guarantee to the loans when they sell them. The interposition of such a company between the borrower and the lender, if the company is honestly and wisely managed, is of great assistance to the latter. For its services the company, of course, charges a fee in one form or another, and this reduces the yield of the mortgage loan correspondingly. The lender is compensated, however, by the additional security and the more convenient form in which the loan is available.

Investment bonds form another and most important outlet for surplus funds. In many ways bonds constitute the most satisfactory investment available for the ordinary man. They are issued in convenient denominations, they are readily convertible into cash, and, if properly selected, the payment of the principal and interest is as sure as any future events well can be.

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The convenience with which the interest and principal of a bond are collected offers a further advantage. If the bond is registered in the name of the owner, the interest is mailed to him by check, periodically, usually twice a year. If he has a coupon bond, the semi-annual interest coupons may be collected through any bank. The principal, likewise, may be collected through a bank or by presenting the bond at the agency of the issuing corporation.

The usual denomination of a bond is $1,000. Some bonds are issued in $500 pieces, and a few of $100 each are obtainable. It is probable that more and more of the smaller bonds will be issued in the future, as the small investor becomes better acquainted with the advantages of bond-purchasing.

In France, which is known as a nation of investors, and where the custom of bond-buying is more general than in any other country, the usual denomination of securities is 500 francs, the approximate equivalent of $100.

With the bewildering assortment of railroad bonds, government and municipal bonds, public corporation bonds and industrial bonds available in the markets, the investor, even if predisposed to purchase a security of this class, naturally finds considerable difficulty in making a selection.

Generally speaking, there is no safer security than a first-mortgage bond of an established railroad which serves a well-settled section of the country.

Railroad bonds are better than the bonds of an industrial corporation, for instance, because the earnings of a railroad are more stable, more even, in good times and bad, than are the earnings of almost any other form of industry. If a railroad's earnings are fairly well maintained, even though the country in general may be suffering from a period of business adversity, of course the road will be able to continue the payment of its bond interest. Railroad earnings are adversely affected during periods of business depression, but to a less extent than other lines of business; and, if the road is conservatively bonded, the payment of the interest on its obligations is not jeopardized.

The steadiness of railroad earnings is due to the economic necessity of transportation under all conditions. To realize this fact, imagine what would happen were all of our railroads to stop running for a single week. Our cities would be devastated as by a famine. If it were winter, thousands would freeze to death. Life

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for those who survived would be revolutionized. It is not necessary to pursue this line of thought further, because such a condition will never be experienced.

The transportation industry differs from other industries in the diversity of its business. It is not dependent upon the demand for any one thing. During business panics, some industries languish, some almost entirely suspend operations, but this is never true of all lines of business. However much one industry may be reduced or even if all are depressed, what business remains is carried on only with the aid of the railroads and by supplying them traffic.

A first mortgage on a railroad, serving a well-populated territory, the business of which consists of supplying a necessity, offers unquestionable security for a loan, and for that reason the bonds of such a corporation rank high among investment securities.

FINANCIER.

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THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

BY HUGH H. LUSK.

It is now some years since a note of alarm was sounded in Europe in connection with the future of the Mongolian race. The credit of this warning was given to the German Kaiser, who was supposed by some to have reasons of his own for turning public attention to possible dangers at a distance rather than to actual complications nearer home. It is needless to dwell on these speculations now. The possibilities of fifteen years ago have in this, as in many other things, given place to the experiences of the last three or four, and the question of the future of the peoples of eastern Asia in their relations to the rest of the world has made an immense stride from the realm of abstract discussion towards that of actual world politics.

The evolution of Japan, and her sudden leap into prominence as a naval and military Power, have been the immediate cause of this change; yet it may be doubted whether it has not tended rather to mislead than to enlighten many of the public in this country on some of the larger aspects of the question. To most of us Japan stands to-day for Mongolia, and her interesting and energetic people for the Mongolian race. Japan's ambitions and projects in the Western Pacific, her designs on Korea, and the covetous eyes she is supposed to have cast on the Philippines: for most people in America these are the really important, as well as the immediately interesting, questions of the Orient to-day. There is an uneasy feeling abroad that The Yellow Peril may turn out to be real enough, but it is supposed by many that instead of a repetition of the Middle Age invasion of Europe it will take the form of a naval war in the Pacific Ocean, and a possible bombardment of American cities on the western coast of this continent. Looking at the recent history of eastern Asia and the adjacent islands,

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Japan, with her naval, military and industrial activities, seems very naturally, to most people, to embrace everything worth considering—for the present, at any rate—in the political movements of the Mongolian race. This impression, however, is certainly a mistaken one. Only half a century has passed since Japan began to awaken to some perception of the conditions and possibilities of modern civilization; and since then she has accomplished enough in various directions to leave the Caucasian world almost lost in speculation as to what she will do next. From an old-world civilization, easily confounded by our own people with barbarism, they have awakened with a rapidity that was startling to a modern life of commerce and industry, of applied science and liberal politics, of practical economics and advanced national organization, such as a dozen centuries have been hardly sufficient to teach the nations of Europe. The phenomenon is sufficiently startling to make us lose sight of the fact that, while they are undoubtedly a remarkable people, the Japanese are by no means unique in any of the characteristics that have gone in their case to the rapid development of a great national progress. These characteristics are not so much Japanese as Mongolian. The same dogged pursuance of a purpose once taken up; the same remarkable faculty for imitating the arts and learning the methods of other nations that appeal to them as useful; the same capacity for organization, and the same readiness to sacrifice the individual for the advancement of the common object, are to be found in the whole race occupying eastern Asia, as truly, if not yet to our eyes as conspicuously, as in the people of Japan itself.

Should there exist anything that may be looked on as a peril for the civilized world in the awakening of the peoples of Mongolian race, therefore, from the sleep of so many centuries, it is one that is by no means confined to Japan. We might even go farther and say that it is one in which the place of Japan, though prominent, is comparatively a small one, after all. Japan herself, it must be remembered, is but a small kingdom, and her people stand by no means in the front rank of the nations in population. It is true that her islands are crowded, and that her people would be glad of more room for expansion; and this, as all history bears witness, is the primary cause of national aggression. But as yet, at any rate, this need of room for expansion exists on no large scale in the case of Japan. She has already, within the last few

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years, acquired the large island of Formosa, and she is now engaged in arranging for a still larger outlet for her surplus population by the annexation of the Korean peninsula. It will be years before the new territory thus secured will have been fully occupied; and if it should be found possible, by a friendly arrangement with this country, for her to assume the protectorate of the Philippine Islands, a very considerable time would certainly elapse before Japan would feel to any considerable extent the strain of the problem of national expansion.

And in the absence of this there is very little cause to anticipate national aggression on the part of Japan. There is a spirit of unrest abroad among her people, it is true—the aftermath of the great awakening of the last half-century—but there is also a strong perception of proportionate values, characteristic of her public men, and by no means wanting in the nation at large, which rises to the level of that virtue of common sense so long valued as a special possession of their own by the race to which we belong. Under any ordinary circumstances, this quality may be depended on to prevent Japan from doing anything rash in the field of world politics. The Mongolian temperament is essentially a practical one, and neither Japan nor China will be found ready to sacrifice much to the merely ideal. It will be found that, even while they assert their claim to equal treatment, they will ask for nothing unreasonable in itself, and even this they will be in no hurry to demand at the cannon's mouth.

It may be asked whether, if this conclusion is correct, we may dismiss "The Yellow Peril" as a mere bogy man, terrible only to children? The answer must be in the negative. There is a real Mongolian peril in existence now: it is one that is growing, and is certain to continue to grow in the near future; it is one also that cannot be too carefully considered and provided against by all nations that value that form of civilization which is essentially Caucasion both in form and spirit. The peril is not, in the first instance, at any rate, one that can be measured by fleets and armies; it does not depend on the ambition of statesmen, or the longing of successful soldiers to achieve further conquests; it is, in fact, a more serious thing than these, and in the long run it may very well be found to embrace these among its incidents. The peril is the oldest and the most natural one that can arise to disturb human arrangements: the problem of population.

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It is probable that to-day not very far short of a third part of the human race is Mongolian. The exact numbers are not known, it is true, but a sufficiently close estimate can be formed, and that points to the conclusion that somewhere about five hundred millions of human beings—probably more rather than less—live to-day in the countries of China, Korea and Japan, and belong practically to the same family of nations, with similar ideals, religious and social, with closely allied languages, and with an old civilization, once active and progressive, but for many centuries fallen into a curious lethargy. The example of Japan shows clearly that the long lethargy of the race has not indicated the final decay of its energy, and that an almost phenomenal awakening may be looked for when the race has been brought into contact with the newer Caucasian civilization. The feature of the case that is really vital, however, is that, while the increase of population among the races occupying China and Japan appears to be remarkable, the territory which they at present occupy is wholly insufficient in extent to support the people under conditions of improved civilization. Japan has awakened to this fact, and has already taken steps to remedy the evil by the extension of her territory: China is now in the very act of awaking, and the question which constitutes the peril of Western or Caucasian civilization is, how, and in what direction, her expansion will take place. That an expansion must take place is, it would seem, inevitable. All experience, as well as logical reason, points to the conclusion that, as only a certain number of human beings can be maintained by any country, the increase of population beyond that limit must mean migration. When—as in past ages—the world was largely unoccupied by mankind, the solution of the problem was comparatively simple: it meant only that the race moved on. In this way Europe, and more recently America, became the scene of racial expansion, and in every case recorded in history some weaker race had to give way before the newcomers, impelled by a pressure caused in some form or other by the increase of population. To-day the problem of racial expansion is complicated by the greater force and vitality of so many of the races that now occupy most parts of the globe fit for human habitation.

That which was easy in the times when Europe was young; that which was not very difficult when the surplus life and energy of Europe in its turn overflowed into America, must become difficult

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in another way when the races of eastern Asia overflow their territorial limits, and come into collision with Caucasian civilization in the act of doing so. The real peril of the matter is not to be found so much in the mere competition for space—though that, in the long run, may be serious enough—as in the collision and competition of civilizations. We are already familiar in America with a collision of races in the case of our negro problem, and it is sufficiently serious, as all thinking men are aware; but, after all, that problem is only racial. The negro has no civilization and no fixed ideals of his own. All that he can possibly claim in this way he has got from ourselves. With the Mongolian races it is different; and therein lies the danger of the coming problem.

The countries most immediately interested in the problem are, of course, those most accessible to an overflowing Chinese population, and now occupied by peoples representing our own Caucasian civilization. These are, it need hardly be said, to be found either in America—chiefly in North America—or in Australia. The question of accessibility by land, which determined such questions in past ages, cannot be considered important in this case. The breadth of Asia, which recent events have shown to be an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of a successful invasion under arms, is for many reasons much more impassable to a wholesale immigration; and even were this less true than it is, the ocean to-day is in nearly every respect far more easy to cross for such purposes than the land. Half a century ago Japan had practically no ocean-going ships; even thirty years ago she had very few: to-day she has fleets of all kinds of vessels, from the ocean liner to the four-masted trading schooner, and her ship-building yards can produce as many more as may be required at short notice. What is true of Japan will in a few years be true of China, only the scale is likely to be a larger one in proportion to the extent of the empire, the numbers of the people, and the vast, though as yet undeveloped, resources of the country. When the surplus population of China fully awakens to the need and the possibility of expansion into new countries, there will be no difficulty in finding means of transport. And in the case of China, far more than in that of Japan, this need of greater territorial space will be one of the first discoveries of her awakened people. Already, as we know, the discovery is being made, though as yet on a scale that is trifling compared with what may be looked for

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as soon as the new ideas of human and social betterment that have come with our modern civilization get a firm grip on the imagination of the mass of the people of China. The overflow of a population of four hundred and fifty millions, hitherto confined to a country which is certainly not capable of supporting three hundred millions in accordance with civilized ideas, must be a great one: the really practical question is, Where will they go to?

Like every other overflow of which we have any experience, it is safe to say that it will follow the line of least resistance. In the limited case of Japan, this line has been found so far to lead into Korea, on the one side, and into Formosa, with indications of a further extension to the Philippines and Hawaii, on the other. In the vastly larger instance of continental Mongolia, its tendency will inevitably be to go farther afield. It may be said that there are great islands to the south, and southwest of China that seem to invite such an occupation, and would probably be benefited by it on the whole. Borneo, and even New Guinea, are such islands, and they are at present sparsely occupied by savage tribes who would certainly have no civilization of their own that need object to intimate contact with the reanimated civilization of China. And it is more than likely that a large Chinese population will within the next twenty years finds its way into these islands. To a certain extent, such an immigration has begun already, and when the tide fairly sets in it will almost certainly prove irresistible. The most interesting question is, Will it stop there? So far as indications now existing are a guide, we may say with confidence that, unless conditions can be modified, it certainly will not. The island continent of Australia has for many years past been attractive to Chinese adventurers. Since the comparatively early days of gold-digging in Australia the Chinaman has been a well-known figure there. His numbers, indeed, were not comparatively large, but his industry was conspicuous, and his dogged perseverance, and consequent success under discouraging circumstances, commanded a kind of respect, in spite of the dead wall of separation always felt to exist between him and the rest of the population. With the gradual change that took place in the gold-mining industry of southern Australia from a manual to a machine-conducted industry, the original place of the Chinese adventurers seemed to be gone. Many of them turned to other pursuits, and to-day the market-gardening business for the supply of all Australian cities

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is almost entirely in their hands; others, as in America, took up laundryman's work and some other trades in the towns, while many were scattered over the country as cooks on up-country stations. There exists to-day a Chinese quarter in Sydney and another in Melbourne, as characteristically Oriental as anything to be found in San Francisco.

But in the case of Australia this experience, which is, after all, familiar to our own Pacific Coast in most respects, was supplemented by something much more suggestive of future danger. Many Chinese gold-diggers were not disposed to accept a new sort of life, and these gradually drifted northwards along the coastal districts of Queensland on the east and West Australia on the west of the continent, in the hope of finding new alluvial fields on which to work. For some years they were successful, and the fields of northern Queensland and of northwestern Australia were largely frequented by Chinese diggers. None of these fields, however, proved eminently successful, and after a few years they were gradually abandoned by white men in favor of the new fields that were opened up, for the most part in southwestern Australia. In some instances the Chinese diggers followed their example, but by no means in all, and for years after the northern fields—especially in northwestern Australia—had been given up and deserted, both by diggers and Government officials, they were still frequented by roving bands of Chinamen.

Some years ago, the great territory known as the northern territory of South Australia, was formally surrendered by the State Parliament to the Federal Government of The Commonwealth, and accepted by the Federal Parliament on the ground that it was practically impossible for the State Government to deal with it. A glance at the map of Australia will explain the difficulty. The State extended from north to south through the centre of the continent, and, as the only settlement was in the extreme south, the northern half of the country was practically inaccessible from the seat of population and government, except by a voyage of fully four thousand miles. Had the country been absolutely uninhabited, it would have been immaterial what particular Government claimed authority over it; but, as a matter of fact, there had grown up an uneasy feeling that such was not the case, and was becoming less so year after year. It was more than suspected then, and it is well known now, though little is said about it in

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Australia, that Chinese immigration on a very considerable scale has for some years been secretly flowing into the country.

An examination of the map will make it evident how easily this could be managed, and will also suggest how very difficult it must be to deal with the problem which it raises. The north coast of Australia, situated, roughly speaking, between the eleventh and sixteenth parallels of south latitude, may be said to be an unknown land. Owing to the deep indentations of its coast, it represents a frontage to the ocean probably little short of two thousand five hundred miles in length, which, although the first discovered part of the Australian continent, has never been really explored. The whole gulf of Carpentaria, with a coast line of more than a thousand miles, as well as the greater part of Arnheimland, representing at least five hundred more, has the usual characteristics of a tropical region, with some variations that are specially Australian. Though little is known of the country lying inland at a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles from the coast, there is every reason to suppose that, but for its climate—which is very hot—it is calculated to support a large population. The coastal rainfall is heavy; the land is apparently rich; and the fact that a number of considerable rivers flow to the sea seems to show that the well-watered district extends farther inland than it does in most parts of the continent. There have at various times been gold discoveries made at points on both the eastern and western sides of the district, and as the fields on both sides were frequented by a good many Chinamen, some of whom lingered when European diggers gave them up, it is easy to understand how these foreigners may have learned a good deal more of the country and its capabilities than was known to any one else. At any rate, it would seem to be evident they did so. From time to time reports have reached the southern settlements that coasting vessels have found Chinamen digging or prospecting for gold, during the last ten or twelve years, and of late these have become increasingly numerous, and have in some instances taken the form of reports of regular and apparently permanent settlements. One such report which reached the authorities nearly two years ago was to the effect that one settlement of this kind was employed in the cultivation of opium on a considerable scale, and that, unlike the former experience of Australia, the population was not confined to men, but included women and children. These people had no

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communication with the European settlements, but it was evident that they had frequent communication by direct trading vessels with southern China.

The problem indicated by such discoveries as these is a serious one, involving the future of Australia, and it may be of more than Australia. The policy of the Commonwealth, it need hardly be said, is very markedly antagonistic to the introduction of cheap labor, and incidentally of what are known as the inferior races, into the country; the problem would seem to be, How is this to be prevented? In the presence of a redundant population an unoccupied country must always be a desirable country, unless it labors under some great natural disadvantages. This is certainly not the case with northern Australia. In addition to this the country is accessible—more easily accessible, indeed, than most others—from the most densely peopled part of China. Almost directly to the north—with nothing between but the islands of Borneo and Celebes—at a distance of eighteen hundred miles, lies the continental Mongolian country, overcrowded almost to the utmost point of endurance; to the south, the unoccupied coast of a continent, stretching 2,400 miles from east to west, offering freedom, well-being, and conditions of untrammelled prosperity such as the race has never known in two thousand years. The Government of the Commonwealth is aware of the danger, but it is placed in a position of unusual difficulty by its dependence on the Labor Party for its very existence, and that party is bitterly opposed to the introduction of such people as Italians, Spaniards, or any other inhabitants of southern Europe, who, while they might for the present occupy the northern coast, and so aid in the exclusion of Asiatics, might in the end create a cheap labor element in the country. Many suggestions have been made, but so far nothing has been done. Meanwhile, the danger presses, and will continue to press with ever-increasing severity. Southwestern America, perhaps even Mexico, may be exposed to a serious danger of this Asiatic invasion within a few years; but northern Australia is at once the nearest and the most sparsely populated of all the countries where an early conflict of the Mongolian and Caucasian civilizations is to be feared and guarded against.

HUGH H. LUSK.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF A NATIONAL DRAMA.*

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

It would be generally agreed among educated persons, I suppose, that the measure of a people's advance in the fine arts is the measure of their distance from the brutes; that in reality art is not merely auxiliary to civilization, but may also be claimed to be civilization itself. Ruskin says, "Life without art is mere brutality." Even religion itself becomes a crude and hideous thing the moment it is separated from art. I need not affirm the value and importance of the fine arts generally, or show how little dignity, or beauty, or refinement, or even humanity, can belong to the nation that rejects them. In England to-day, the arts of painting, music, sculpture and architecture get a very scanty and grudging recognition from Government; the drama gets no recognition whatever. Now, I do not wish to put the drama into competition or comparison with the other arts, or to claim for it any preeminence over them. In any cultivated and well-organized society, all the arts should have their due and separate spheres of influence, and all should meet with equal marks of national recognition and esteem.

But I hope I shall be justified in saying that no other art is so intimately and vitally concerned with the daily national life as is the drama. No other art so nearly touches and shapes conduct and practice. No other art can so swiftly move our thoughts and feelings, or stir our passions, or inspire and direct our actions. In sheer momentum, in vitality of impulse, in present and penetrating power and persuasion, all the other arts are dead and imaginary things, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," compared with the drama. If we wish to inspire our millions of

* This article is based upon a lecture prepared for and delivered at the Royal Institution of England.

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English-speaking citizens with enthusiasm for great national ideals; if we wish to persuade them to care for the things that are more excellent, for the things of the intellect and the spirit; if we wish to sweeten their manners, to refine their tastes, to create, in their lives, a daily beauty instead of a daily ugliness, what instrument could be so swiftly and surely operative to these ends as a wisely conceived, wisely regulated and wisely encouraged national drama? In the widest and truest sense I claim that, in a closely packed democracy, the drama is and must be an increasingly powerful teacher, either of bad manners or good manners, of bad literature or good literature, of bad habits or good habits. Potentially, it is the cheapest, the easiest, the most winning, the most powerful teacher of that great science which it so much concerns every one of us to know thoroughly—the science of wise living.

Consider for a moment the millions of people living sedentary, monotonous lives. The great majority of them have toiled during the day at desks, in factories, in shops, and warehouses, and offices, at some mere routine task, which, instead of quickening the powers of their minds, has rather clogged and deadened them. Now the dreary routine of the day is over, and these millions have gone forth to search for relaxation and amusement. I will ask you to enlarge the spaces of imagery in your minds until they contain seating capacity for hundreds of thousands of persons, perhaps millions. Try to conceive all the vast audiences at a particular moment assembled in all the theatres and music-halls of the English-speaking world. Summon them all before you. Multiply row after row, tier above tier, crowd upon crowd, listening, watching, laughing, weeping, hushed, applauding; here, catching a moment of responsive rapture from some heroic sentiment; there, grinning and chuckling at some half-veiled indecency; here, tasting the fine flavor of a choice Shakespearian passage; there, working themselves into a frenzy of vicarious valour by the cheapest jingo bluster; here, melting and sobbing over some scene of domestic pathos; there rolling and roaring over some piece of stale buffoonery; here, mystified and awed by the tricks of the scene-shifter; there, startled and impressed by some search-light flash into the human heart; here, peeping and leering at a ballet-girl's skirts; there, watching some vivid sketch of character; here, being stupefied, imbruted, coarsened and vulgarized; there, being charmed exhilarated, humanized, vitalized.

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Again for a moment survey these myriads of amusement-seekers; catch the echoes of their "innumerable laughter"; the whirlwinds of their applause; put your finger on these millions of beating pulses. Consider how enormous, how far-reaching, how operative, not only upon manners, but upon conduct and character, must be the effect upon them of what occupies their evening hours of leisure. For the great majority of them the hours of the day are dull and lifeless with mechanical, uninspiring labor. It is only in these two or three evening hours that nine-tenths of our population can be said to live at all. Surely, it is a matter of supreme importance in the national economy whether a nation has a drama or no; whether it is fostered, organized and honored; or whether it is neglected, disorganized and despised.

For myself, outside the great permanent concerns of government—the defence of the country; the guarding of the national finances; the enforcement of law—outside a few such great matters, I cannot see what question has more intrinsic importance, or could so fittingly engage the attention of legislators. I will beg leave then to affirm, on behalf of these myriads of amusement-seekers, that it is desirable to have a national English drama and a national American drama; wisely regulated, wisely encouraged, thoroughly organized, suitably housed, recognized and honored as one of the fine arts.

Perhaps it will be advisable to inquire what a national drama is or should be, what it should do for the people. Clearly, the first function of drama is to represent life and character by means of a story in action; its second and higher function is to interpret life by the same means. But the first and fundamental purpose of the drama is to represent life.

If this sounds like a platitude, I will ask how many plays at the present moment on the English-speaking stage are representing life, or even pretending to do so? How many theatregoers trouble to ask themselves whether they are seeing a picture of life? How many theatregoers judge the play and the dramatist by that simple test? I will ask further, "Do nine out of ten of the present generation of English or American theatregoers look upon the theatres as anything but a funny place where funny people do funny things, intermixed with songs and dances, and where they are to be amused on the lowest intellectual level?"

If playgoers will carefully listen to the remarks and judgments

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upon plays that come within their ear-shot during the next few months—even from cultivated men and women—I think that they will come to the conclusion that the playgoing public have for the most part lost all sense that the drama is the art of representing life, and that there is a keen and high pleasure to be got out of it on that level. By the representation of life I do not mean that the drama should copy the crude actualities of the street and the home. Very often the highest truths of life and character cannot be brought into a realistic scheme. The drama must always remain, like sculpture, a highly conventional art; and its greatest achievements will always be wrought under wide and large and astounding conventions. Shakespeare's plays are not untrue to life because they do not perpetually phonograph the actual conversations of actual persons. In the past, the greatest examples of drama have been set in frankly poetic, fantastic and unrealistic schemes. But whether a play is poetic, realistic or fantastic, its first purpose should be the representation of life, and the implicit enforcement of the great plain simple truths of life. Realistically, or poetically, or fantastically, it should show you the lives and characters of men and women; and it should do this by means of a carefully chosen, carefully planned and always moving story.

Now, let us take a glance at the London theatres and see what is being done there. They are fairly indicative of what is going on all over England. Gradually, during the last dozen years—gradually, but ever more boldly and more successfully—the greater number of the fashionable theatres of London have disassociated themselves from any attempts to present a picture of English life, or of life of any kind; and have given an entertainment more and more approaching to a series of music-hall sketches, songs and dances, threaded together by no rational, or plausible or possible story. The same dozen years have seen the bankruptcy of the leading Shakespearian theatre, and the dissolution of the aims and ambitions and hopes connected with it. At one or two other theatres there have been very beautiful and, one is delighted to say, fairly successful Shakespearian and poetic productions. But these Shakespearian productions have been mainly successful by reason of their pictorial elements; not mainly on account of their acting, or their poetry. The manager who, at great cost, with immense pains and research, puts on a play of Shakespeare, takes his managerial life in his hands. He thinks himself lucky if he

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can run it for a hundred nights and get back his expenses; while his neighbor, who puts up the latest piece of musical tomfoolery and buffoonery, is sure of the immense and cordial support of the public, of enormous and universal good-will, and of a prosperous run of many hundred nights.

Turning to the drama of modern English life, we meet with corresponding tendencies and tastes on the part of the playgoing public. Here I must use some reserve, lest I be accused of making this a personal matter. First, let me gratefully acknowledge the immense favors I have received at the hands of the American and English playgoers. Next, let me disclaim that I speak with any sense of present soreness or disappointment. It is by the continued grace and favor of American and English playgoers, it is by virtue of the rewards and recognition they have bestowed upon me, that I am able to speak quite frankly and fearlessly on this subject. Disclaiming, then, any personal soreness and disappointment, I will say that I think we may all, playgoers, actors, critics, authors, feel great disappointment and very great apprehension on account of the present prospects of the modern English-speaking drama.

Ten years ago, we seemed to be advancing towards a serious drama of English life; we began to gather round us a public who came to the theatre prepared to judge a modern play by a higher standard than the number of jokes, tricks, antics and songs it contained. To-day the English dramatist, who pays his countrymen the compliment of writing a play in which he attempts to paint their daily life for them in a serious straightforward way, finds that he is not generally judged upon this ground at all; he is not generally judged and rewarded according to his ability to paint life and character; he is generally judged according to his ability to amuse the audiences without troubling them to think. And I believe that this tendency on the part of the English playgoers to demand mere titbits of amusement, and to reject all study of life and character in the theatre, has largely increased during the past ten years, and is still increasing. Insomuch we may say that the legitimate purpose of the drama—which is to paint life and character and passion—is to-day lost sight of in the demand for mere thoughtless entertainment, whose one purpose is, not to show the people their lives, but to provide them with a means of escape from their lives. That is to say, the pur-

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pose of the entertainments provided in our most successful theatres is, indeed, the very opposite to the legitimate purpose of the drama, the very negation and suffocation of any serious or thoughtful drama whatever.

I do not say that one or two of us may not get in an occasional success of a hundred and fifty nights with a comedy, or even with a play of serious interest, if by a miraculous chance one can get it suitably played. But any play of great serious interest, such as would meet with instant and great recognition and reward in France or Germany, is most likely to be condemned and censured by the mass of English playgoers as "unpleasant." I am aware that it is useless to condemn a man for not paying to be bored or disgusted. But the fact that he is bored and disgusted raises the further question: "Why is he bored and disgusted?"

I question whether any subject has recently gathered around it such a thick fungus of cant and ignorance as that of the "problem play." For a number of years past the parrot-phrase, "problem play," has been applied to almost every play that attempts to paint sincerely any great passion, any great reality of human life. No doubt, great extravagances and absurdities were committed by the swarm of foolish doctrinaire playwrights who tried to imitate Ibsen. But the stream of just contempt that was poured upon these absurdities has run over its bounds, and has almost swamped all sincere and serious play-writing in England.

I was talking to a comfortable English matron some little time back. "Oh, I hope we sha'n't have any more of those dreadful problem plays!" she exclaimed. "I like a nice pretty love-story, where everything ends happily." I could not help inquiring: "My dear lady, have you ever read your Bible?" A day or two after that, I met a middle-aged man in a club, a member of one of our oldest families. "I don't like these problem plays," he said; "I like legs!" Now, these were representative playgoers, and they resented that the theatre should be used for its legitimate purpose of representing life. And, so far as one can judge, this feeling has been largely spreading amongst playgoers during late years, and is still gaining ground.

Now I do not decry popular entertainment. We may cordially recognize that nearly all our American and English theatres are well conducted and are clean and sanitary. There is scarcely a suburban theatre in London or New York that in its interior

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arrangements does not put to shame the leading Paris theatres. Further, we may cordially recognize that, if most of the entertainments might more fittingly be described as "tomfoolery" than as "drama," yet a good deal of it is very excellent tomfoolery, and for the most part quite harmless. Some of it is, indeed, very ignoble, and one can frequently detect little witless and smirking indecencies and allusions. And these ribaldries seem to me far more degrading, far more poisonous to morality, than the broadest, frankest Rabelaisian mirth, or than that bold and fearless handling of the darker side of human nature which is so loudly reviled in realistic plays.

But, on the whole, it may be very cordially recognized that, granted it be the chief business of the English-speaking theatre to supply the public with bright and clever tomfoolery, then we may own that the theatres are doing their duty. I say there is a very considerable alloy of very ignoble stuff, and a great deal of funny business which strikes one as very dreary and mirthless. I have never been able to understand why a "funny" man is less of a nuisance on the stage than he would be in a drawing-room. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the "funny" man will be esteemed as great a nuisance in the theatre as he is in ordinary life. But many of the artists who appear in these musical pieces have an alertness and vivacity, a way of sending their lines home, a power of keeping their audiences awake, which one rarely finds amongst our ordinary actors. And this is, doubtless, one of the causes of the comparative neglect of our spoken drama.

Meantime, let me again disclaim any feeling of anger or jealousy against popular amusement in itself. It is one of the first necessities of those who lead monotonous lives that they should be amused. But the point I wish to make is this: Popular amusement is not the art of the drama; it provides an entirely different and lower pleasure from that given by the drama. Yet the drama is hopelessly confused in the public mind with popular amusement, and has to compete with popular amusement by sinking its own legitimate aims and ambitions. The drama, which is the art of representing life, is not judged from that standpoint at all; it lives a fitful hand-to-mouth existence according as it happens to provide popular entertainment, and it is judged and rewarded almost entirely on that level.

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Suppose that the English and American nations suddenly lost their taste for musical comedy and developed a passion for the game of ninepins. And suppose the rage became so great that all our fashionable theatres were turned into bowling-alleys. Suppose the confusion of ideas on the subject of ninepins and the drama was as great as that which now exists on the subject of musical comedy and the drama. A lover of the drama might have no objection to ninepins, might indeed be a lover of the game; but, if the drama were threatened with extinction on account of the rage, he would surely be right to urge: "There is nothing criminal in your love for ninepins, but it is not the drama; in your rage to spend an empty evening and amuse yourself, you are killing a fine art."

It is not entirely the fault of the public. Doubtless, some of the fault must rest upon the dramatists. Why don't we turn out a succession of masterpieces? In reply to this, I have to urge a fact that is scarcely suspected by either playgoers or critics—yet a fact that governs the whole art or business of playwriting. A dramatic author is mainly conditioned in his choice and treatment of subjects and themes by the possibility of getting them adequately played and adequately stage-managed at a theatre of repute. When a play is wrongly or inadequately represented, it is always the author who is held responsible. Now, it is useless to blame actors or managers for the state of things which, if it has not entirely killed serious dramatic art in England, has completely paralyzed it. The fault is our present system. It is almost hopeless under our present system to write plays of great passion or serious intellectual import. In the region of mere drawing-room comedy, in the reproduction of certain little aspects of daily life, we have attained a high degree of perfection. We have in England a number of actors and actresses who can faithfully copy the behavior of average persons in ordinary moments and situations, and the small mannerisms and habits of their different classes. We have a few very gifted actors and actresses who can do more than this; but many of our leading actors and actresses are wofully deficient in the technique of their art; some of them are barely acquainted with the rudiments of elocution; the best of them are scarcely on a level in this respect with the average members of a municipal theatre in France. So that, alike for the adequate representation of Shake-

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speare and of our classical comedies, and for the adequate representation of any play of modern life that tries to deal in a great way with great emotions, great phases of our present civilization, or great intellectual ideas—alike for these two classes of play we have no trained body of actors ready to interpret an author in such a way that the public may get at his meaning. Nor have we a trained body of playgoers ready to appreciate and respond to the author and actors.

I hope from my arguments that it will be clear that it is desirable to have a national drama. It is also desirable for us to set about its organization in earnest. Let me state what the English and American people must do if they wish to have a national drama:

1. To distinguish and separate our drama from popular amusement; to affirm and reaffirm that popular amusement and the art of the drama are totally different things; and that there is a higher and greater pleasure to be obtained from the drama than from popular amusement.

2. To found a national or *répertoire* theatre where high and severe literary and artistic standards may be set; where great traditions may be gradually established and maintained amongst authors, actors, critics and audiences.

3. To insure so far as possible that the dramatist shall be recognized and rewarded when and in so far as he has painted life and character, and not when and in so far as he has merely tickled and amused the populace.

4. To bring our acted drama again into living relation with English literature; to dissolve the foolish prejudice and contempt that literature now shows for the acted drama; to win from literature the avowal that the drama is the most live, the most subtle, the most difficult form of literature; to beg that plays shall be read and judged by literary men who are also judges of the acted drama. To bring about a general habit of reading plays such as prevails in France.

5. To inform our drama with a broad, sane, and profound morality; a morality that neither dreads, nor wishes to escape from, the permanent facts of human life and the permanent passions of men and women; a morality akin to the morality of the Bible and of Shakespeare; a morality equally apart from the morality that is practised amongst wax dolls and from the moral-

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ity that allows the present sniggering, veiled indecencies of popular farce and musical comedy.

6. To give our actors and actresses a constant and thorough training in widely varied characters, and in the difficult and intricate technique of their art; so that in place of our present crowd of intelligent amateurs, we may have a large body of competent artists to interpret and vitalize great characters and great emotions in such a way as to render them credible, and interesting, and satisfying to the public.

7. To break down so far as possible, and at any rate in some theatres, the present system of long runs with its attendant ill effects on our performers; to establish throughout the country *répertoire* theatres and companies, to the end that the actors may get constant practice in different parts; and to the end that the author may see his play interpreted by different companies and in different ways.

8. To distinguish between the play that has failed because it has been inadequately or unsuitably interpreted, and the play that has failed on its own demerits; to distinguish between the play that has failed from the low aims or mistaken workmanship of the playwright, and the play that has failed from the low tastes of the public, or from the mistakes of casting or production.

9. To bring the drama into relation with the other arts; to cut it asunder from all flaring advertisements, and big capital letters, and from all tawdry and trumpery accessories; to establish it as a fine art.

It will be noticed that many of these proposals overlap and include each other. Virtually, they are all contained in the one pressing necessity for our drama that it shall be recognized as something distinct from popular amusement. And this one pressing necessity can be best and most effectually met by the fostering of the drama as a national art in a national theatre. If such a theatre should be established and endowed, either by the Government or by private gift, I would very gladly offer it a new play without any consideration of fees whatever.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

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THE LONELINESS OF SUCCESS.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

I REMEMBER once having a conversation with a man of very great gifts—not only of intellectual power, but with some touch of that heavenly thing which we know as wisdom, that quality which, like Love, is both old and young, calm and fiery. He had not, however, been a conspicuously successful man—though he had achieved what many people would call success—because, I think, of a rather noble lack of the faculty of practical prudence; but he had been appointed, on the day on which I spoke with him, to a post of high dignity and leisure, worthy of him, and indeed singularly enviable. I congratulated him with heartfelt pleasure, and said something about the satisfaction of seeing a man for once ideally placed. He smiled very sweetly, but perhaps a little sadly, and said: "Ah, yes; but if you knew what my dreams had once been!"

I have since often reflected how clumsily and awkwardly the world interprets the thoughts and feelings of the people who are held to be successful; I believe that it very often happens that, when such are envied and congratulated, they feel far more in need of sympathy and even compassion; that, when we think of them as strong and secure, they are often conscious far more of weakness and anxiety. We reserve our sympathy for those who fail, for those who are afflicted. But I believe that success is sometimes a heavier burden than failure, and that it often brings with it a sense of loneliness and dismay rather than a sense of satisfaction. I may be allowed, I think, to give, as an instance, the case of a man whose life I saw very close at hand—my own father—because I have already told the story of his life as frankly as I could. He may be said, judged by ordinary standards, to have been a supremely successful man. He founded

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and established a great public school, and a flourishing Theological College; he organized a new Bishopric, and in the prime of his life he was put at the head of the Anglican Church. I may say candidly that I never saw any one whose success was so little of a personal pleasure to him. He rejoiced in the prosperity of the institutions over which he presided; but he never manifested the smallest pride in his achievements; he enjoyed to the full the venerable traditions and the historical associations of the posts he held, but I do not think that he ever took to himself the smallest credit for the success of his organizations, nor felt the least proud of having attained, without wealth or influence or connections, his high office. In fact, his one feeling was a sense of deep, constant and anxious responsibility, that the great interests entrusted to him should not suffer in his hands. He enjoyed whole-heartedly much of his work; but one would have thought sometimes, to hear him speak of his task, that his chief feeling was that he was unequal to it, with a sense that was almost terror at his own inadequacy and unworthiness. He would gladly have remained all his life as a Canon of Lincoln; he would have even more gladly stayed at Truro, as Bishop; and he used to look forward at times, with a sense of relief, to a day when he might be allowed to lay down the burden of the Primacy.

This partly came from his sense of the unique significance and importance of the particular work in which he was engaged; so that he always felt like Atlas, in the old mythology, bearing the weight of the heavens upon his shoulders; and like Atlas, too, he felt terribly alone on the mountain-top, and hankered all his days after a quiet life of leisure and privacy—for which, I may add, he would have been wholly unfit.

But I am sure that he was painfully conscious at all times of his loneliness. He had many friends and trusted counsellors; but he realized that, after all, the responsibility of decision and action was his alone, and that whatever line he ultimately took, he would have to bear the brunt of opposition and possible misrepresentation. Yet he was essentially a strong man, with a personality which affected every one who came in contact with him. It was hard to differ from him, impossible to contradict him; and yet he was deeply sensitive to any coldness or hostility. It certainly could not be called a consciously happy life, though

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his temperament was so eager and even buoyant that he had much unconscious happiness.

Of course, temperaments vary greatly, and there are no doubt many men who owe their success to a robust tranquillity of nature, who are not disturbed by criticism and who enjoy both influence and responsibility. Indeed, there is some truth in the comment made by one who had been spending an evening in the company of several highly distinguished men, and who, on coming away, said that he was led to believe that the only requisite for success was perfect physical health.

I once had a curiously frank and intimate talk with a leading statesman, who had just effected an extraordinary change in a complex political situation by a speech of great eloquence and persuasiveness. I ventured to say to him that it must be an immense satisfaction to have achieved what he had achieved, and to have made a speech that would be memorable in the annals of debate. The great man smiled and said, "Do you know, I think it rather the other way; to have reached a certain standard entails upon one the necessity of seeing that one never falls below it; and it is more depressing, I think, to fail where one has once succeeded, than never to succeed at all." I am sure that this is a very true statement. If a man has made a name as an orator, or an artist, or a writer, any subsequent failures are blamed rather than compassionated. It is supposed and freely said that he has no business to fail; that he could do better if he chose, and that the failure must be due to inadequate preparation or to undue self-confidence; and thus the successful man, if he is also a sensitive man, has the added strain of feeling that whatever happens he must not fall below his best, and disappoint his admirers.

Of course the philosopher would intervene, and allege that it does not matter what people say; but popular approval is a good rough test of all but the highest kinds of success; and the faint reverberation of distant plaudits is as pleasant a sound in the ears of the generous man, who would fain do something to serve and please his kind, as the phantom music that comes sweetly and cheerily out of the crags, when one sings aloud the notes of a chord in a valley shut in by tall precipices. We like, all of us, to feel that we move among friends, and it is a sore trial, and one which a man need not be ashamed of dreading,

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when the voice of the applauding throng becomes the thin buzzing of wasplike foes.

There are two instances that come prominently before the mind. One is the case of Ruskin, when he turned aside from his light-hearted work of transforming public taste, by persuading men with all his armory of bright epithets and shining sentences that they believed in beauty, to the heavy task of trying to mend some of the crying evils of society. What a storm of insolent abuse and incredulous obloquy fell upon him! People were as much shocked by his becoming serious and socialistic, as the old Dean was by the clergyman who talked about religion at the dinner-table. We know now that much of Ruskin's art-teaching was erroneous, and that he only substituted one convention for another; while we see every day that his ideas about work and life, however fantastically arrayed, had a basis of true perception and sound sense.

Then again there is the case of William Morris, whose followers and friends were horrified when he left his looms and his dyeing-vats, his pretty tapestries of poetry and his charming upholstery, that he might write revolutionary tirades, and lecture at street corners to wholly indifferent audiences, who, so far from sympathizing with his views and hopes, did not even know to what he was alluding. It was a mistake, but a noble mistake; and Morris, who was essentially a dreamer, recovered his footing, and went back, we may be thankful, to what was his real work — to make life beautiful, and to set open unsuspected doors, leading straight into the old world of romance and chivalry, out of dusty streets and crowded thoroughfares. But Morris suffered, though not as Ruskin suffered; and what galled him most was the barrier that his theories erected between him and his closest friends, who, he says pathetically, instead of blaming him when he failed to follow truth and light, praised him for his failures, and made merry when he returned, like the household that welcomed the Prodigal Son in the parable.

But worse even than this kind of misunderstanding, which is perhaps inevitable in the case of all prophetic natures, is the isolation to which undoubted and unquestioned success often, in itself, condemns a man. He can depend on no one, he can take counsel with no one; none can help or sustain him; he is surrounded with envy, when he yearns for sympathy; he is

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praised for his strength, when he desires to confess his weakness. He sees comradeship and generous love lavished upon feeble and struggling persons; but people tend to feel that the successful man, like the Scribe and the Pharisee, *has his reward;* and under the praise and honor lavished upon him by his warmest admirers there runs an unexpressed condition, that he shall continue to lead and guide and inspire. The sense of responsibility that this engenders is not infrequently attended with disaster to a man's best ideals. Instead of pursuing the single-hearted aims by which he won his praise, he tends to descend on to an *ad captandum* level; he comes to believe that he is not doing his best, unless it carries the popular verdict with it. Then, if he is a statesman, he has the grievous temptation of trying to see which way the current of popular feeling runs, and testing its strength, that he may be sure to sail along with it; if he is a painter or a writer, he begins to think what kind of art or what kind of writing will make a popular appeal. And in the case of an artist or a writer who belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race, the temptation often vitiates the aim of his art, because the Anglo-Saxon public are moralists at heart, love not artists but preachers, and do not care for pictures or books, unless they are of an improving or hortatory kind. Two instances which may be quoted are Millais and Tennyson. Millais, in his early days, loved art for its own sake, and produced pictures of the purest and most artistic beauty. But when he came to love art for the sake of success, he painted pictures in which he sacrificed art to melodramatic effect, and even to cheap sentiment. Tennyson too, whose early lyrics are of the purest gold of art, began to feel, as his audience grew, that he must deal with popular ideas, make science poetical and morality unimpeachable; by which he earned the gratitude of respectable people, and became a witness in the cause of orthodoxy.

But the true artist ought to be independent of such temptations. He need not assume that his art is deteriorating, because it is popular; but he must not be dismayed if he finds that it is unpopular. He must, as cheerfully as he can, be ready to suffer eclipse, if he diverges from popular tendencies. There is thus a special beauty about the work of such men as Keats and Shelley, who, it must be remembered, in their brief lives, never had the least popular success, a beauty which is absent from the

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lives of artists who grow to feel the responsibility of their art, and cannot bear to sacrifice influence for the sake of art.

It is difficult to find, among men notable for idealistic expression, in whatever region of life or art they upheld it, any instances of characters whose lives have not been, to a certain extent, impaired by popularity, just as it is rare to find instances of successful men who have known when they have said their say, and done their work, and when they ought to stop. And the reason is that men cannot, as a rule, bear the loneliness to which the best success is almost bound to conduct them, but must purchase sympathy at whatever cost.

And yet the strange thing is that it is rare to find successful men who are not disappointed by the quality of success when it comes. It seems, before a man gains it, so radiant, desirable and sustaining a thing; but seen close, it is apt to prove both wearisome and paltry. Only if a man values the great things of life, such as love and friendship, above the lesser things, such as honor and credit, can he keep his heart tender and pure. Then he does not lose the balance and the proportion of life, but wears his success only as a robe of state which he is sometimes bound wearily to assume, while his real life is hidden from the world, the real life, that is, of simple human emotions. Such an one is more grateful for being a man than for being a successful man, and realizes that glory is not a thing to be ensnared and pursued and captured, but that it rather comes unasked and unsought, not as the reward, but the consequence of being simply and sincerely himself, and of daring to say what he feels, rather than what the world will congratulate him upon and envy him for feeling.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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ROUMANIA AND THE JEWS.

BY HERMAN ROSENTHAL.

It is with considerable diffidence that I write on any phase of the perennial "Jewish question," or voice to the public a new plaint of a much persecuted people; for experience has taught me that the periodicals, even when favorably disposed to the Jews as a race, are rather averse to discussing their wrongs in print. The general reader, it would appear, is bored by the very frequency of reports of anti-Jewish outbreaks.

Next to Russia, Roumania, during the last twenty-five years, has been the most cruel oppressor of the long-suffering Jewish race, and the oppression still continues. Only a few months ago, a peasant uprising directed against the Jews terminated in violent attacks on the Roumanian landlords, who were not aimed at by the instigators of the outbreak. The Jews, however, had to pay the penalty, more vigorous measures against them following the suppression of the riots by which they themselves had suffered.

It must be remembered that discrimination against the Jews is in direct contravention of the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, to which Roumania owes her very existence as an independent kingdom. This treaty, signed in 1878 at the close of the Russo-Turkish war, stipulated that the Jews of Roumania should be admitted to all the rights of citizenship. In practice, they have been saddled with all the duties and burdens of citizenship and denied all its privileges. Some show of compliance with foreign demands becoming unavoidable, the Roumanian Government finally consented to abrogate Article VII of its constitution, and to admit to citizenship, though only by special act of Parliament in the case of each individual, "aliens not under foreign protection"—by which pleasing phrase the native Roumanian Jews are significantly described. But this apparent concession is absolutely farcical.

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The record shows that, in twenty-three years, 968 Jews were naturalized. Of these, 883 were men who fought in the war of 1877, and these were voted upon by the Chamber *en bloc*, the list of names having been made up by the ministry on their own responsibility. How many of them were the names of dead soldiers no one knows. Moreover, the certificates of citizenship were sent, it is said, to the regiment with strict confidential orders against their delivery, and more than half of them were subsequently annulled. The remaining eighty-five Jewish citizens bought their naturalization by cash payments to venal deputies. After this traffic had become too notorious, it was tacitly agreed that no more Jews were to be naturalized; and this "gentleman's agreement" the Roumanian finds it more easy to keep than his formal treaty obligations.

In 1881, the Parliament promulgated a law authorizing the Minister of the Interior to expel or remove from place to place, without giving specific reasons for his actions, any stranger likely to disturb the public peace. This law, consequent upon the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, though originally directed against the Nihilists, was soon applied to the Jews. Then began a systematic persecution, which was relaxed only when the Roumanian Government needed loans from foreign Jewish bankers. The Jews were herded into the larger cities; then, by successive restrictive measures, the right to pursue the different vocations as yet open to the Jews was made practically dependent upon that Roumanian citizenship which was wrongfully withheld from the Jews. Worst of all, Jewish youths were effectively excluded from schools and universities.

In 1892, the United States Government addressed to the signatory Powers a circular note protesting against this violation of the Treaty of Berlin. In rejoinder, the Roumanian Government advanced that time-worn pretext, the alleged exploitation of the peasantry by the Jews. The emigration of the Jews in large number began in 1878, but this exodus has grown materially since 1892.

Over and over again, and until recently in reversal of the lower courts, the Supreme Court of Roumania has held that a Jew, though born on Roumanian soil, could be expelled as an "objectionable foreigner."

A typical example of Roumanian justice is the case of Cociu

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Avramescu, a Jew, native to the soil, who had performed military service, and who was fined by the court for returning to his native heath after expulsion as an objectionable alien.

From the "*Curier Judiciar*" we learn the details of this case. Cociu Avramescu, having been expelled from the country under the law of 1881 on account of bad conduct, was, on returning without due governmental permission, fined by the Bucharest court of appeals, after two disagreements in the lower courts. On his appeal to the Supreme Court, that court, in June of this year (1907), affirmed his fine. In so doing, it classified as aliens all of those who had not been duly qualified as citizens, whether native to the soil and there reared or not. All of these were thus liable to the operation of the law of 1881. From the Attorney-General's speech we ascertain the following facts: Cociu Avramescu, a Jew, born and bred in Roumania, but still an alien, was expelled, under the law of 1881, in January, 1906. He returned in March, 1907, having been away about fourteen months. He was then arrested and arraigned, subject to the penalty called for by the fifth paragraph of the code.

The military court, though without jurisdiction, interfered and acquitted the prisoner, declaring him a Roumanian. Cociu, in all the courts, claimed that a decree of expulsion could not issue against him, because such could only hold against an alien, while he was not an alien, but a Roumanian born and bred; and, further, that Roumanian was the only language known to him, that he had served his time in the army and had always been under Roumanian protection and travelled abroad with a Roumanian passport. The Attorney-General remonstrated that there are colonies of persons of all nationalities born and raised in Roumania, speaking the Roumanian tongue better than any other, performing military duty there when not subject to foreign protection, travelling with Roumanian passports, etc., yet not Roumanians.

Now, in 1881, Nicholas Jonescu, a member of Parliament, opposed the law of that year, and suggested another measure clearly defining "alien under the protection of the law"—*i. e.*, aliens of native birth, as distinguished from those born abroad. With the latter, said he, I have nothing to do; I have only to do with those who are born here, who are subject to no foreign Power, and who only lack recognition in order to become citizens. He argued: "How can we be asked to classify the native aliens

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with those just entering the country and also forced to ask domiciliary concession?" But Bratianu and Chitu met this with the pretence that Roumania extends its hospitality to foreigners and with the charge that they "in return but mock us"—their reference being to two Jewish vagrants who had established a newspaper and had dubbed the country's representatives "the mandarins of the Acropolis."

The Attorney-General pointed to preceding cases with a defence identical to that of Cociu, in regard to which the Supreme Court had already taken a similar stand and rejected their several appeals. The abrogation of the eighth paragraph of the civil code in 1879, which admitted to full citizenship on attaining their majority the children of foreign parents born on Roumanian soil on declaration of their wish to become Roumanians, this, he said, fended a danger from the country. For the large number of Jews born in Roumania would thus have endeavored to avail themselves of this right, and sought naturalization *en masse*.

All things considered, the Attorney-General conceded that the rights of citizenship had been tacitly extended to aliens born in Roumania who had been assimilated. But this was solely a matter of custom, and applied only to aliens of the Christian faith, and not to the Jews, who possessed their distinctive physiognomy and nationality, and thus could not fuse with the Roumanian element. When reminded that the constitution differentiated between Jews of native and Jews of foreign birth, and that in 1877 Vasili Borescu, on applying to the Powers for the recognition of the independence of Roumania, made this distinction, and that eventually even the Supreme Court at different times had affirmed it, he went on to say that, on the whole, all the privileges extended to the Jews were merely concessions and not binding precedents. He further remarked that the essential matter was not specifically the wish of Cociu to return to Roumania, but his intention to make his case a test case. In this he was but acting as the tool of Goldwurm, and many others who had been expelled, who wished to open wide the doors to those who, while professing to be Roumanian, had evinced the quality of their pretended patriotism during the peasant uprising by filling the Vienna papers with calumnies against Roumania, which they called the "Congo of Europe."

That the attitude of even the liberal statesmen toward the Jews

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and the Powers has changed for the worse is evident from a letter written by the same Jonescu, formerly Minister of Education and Finance, to Mr. Turnball of London some years ago. He claimed that, once Roumanian independence had been recognized, no foreign Power could intervene on behalf of the Jews resident in that country, any more than on behalf of the Finns in Russia, the Poles in Germany or the Roumanians in Hungary. In these instances, those who complain of oppression are native-born. Jonescu further made the astonishing statement that, in Roumania, the outcry comes from a newly-arrived foreign people, whose relatively large numbers complicate matters very much. So far is this from being true that Jews, according to Roumanian historians, were there long before the hordes of Roman convicts who were brought thither by Trajan to populate the fertile lands of the Dacians. In 397 A.D., a decree of the Roman Emperor granted protection to the Dacian Jews and their synagogue. Further, in a total population of 5,912,590 only 269,016 were Jews, according to the census of 1899.

Despite its specific pledge to the treaty Powers not to make any distinction within its borders based on religion, Roumania, we see, like Russia, will avail itself of every opportunity to evade this obligation in its treatment of the Jews. And, since 1881, Roumania has been imitating the invidious example then set by Russia, its more potent neighbor and protector.

"A single fact is worth a cart-load of argument." So I shall not dilate unduly on the case thus presented. The problem involved, however, not only interests the Jews of Roumania, but concerns also every country which may become affected by the immigration of those Jews whom Roumania, for reasons of her own, may drive from her soil. As Americans, we ought to be interested. An international question would actually arise were Roumania to cast out, say, 200,000 of her Jews and other nations were to close their doors upon them.

Would such a breach of contract be a proper subject for the future Hague tribunal? If so, which country will bring it forward?

HERMAN ROSENTHAL.

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THE FARMER, THE MANUFACTURER AND THE RAILROAD.

BY LOGAN G. MCPHERSON.

As the heart, the stomach and the lungs are vital and essential parts of the body, so are the processes of agriculture, manufacture and transportation vital and essential to the social organization. It is important that the nourishment absorbed by the body as a whole be distributed to the heart, the lungs and the stomach to renew their tissue and to maintain the energy with which each contributes to the body as a whole. So also is the national welfare promoted by each industry, under justly economical administration, obtaining adequate return over expenditure to provide for effective maintenance and operation, and to attract capital sufficient for its continuance.

It would seem that a comparison has not heretofore been made of the relative parts performed in the material activity of this country by these three factors, and at first glance there would seem to be difficulty in the way of obtaining a comparison adequate for effective deductions.

As, however, the foot is the unit of measure of length and the pound the unit of measure of weight, so, also, in this country the dollar is the unit of measure of value. In every industry—in agriculture, manufacture and transportation—there must be capital, and capital is measured by dollars. There must be expenditure, and expenditure is measured by dollars. There must be gross earnings and net returns, and gross earnings and net returns are measured by dollars. There must be workers in each industry, and their salaries and wages are measured by dollars. With the dollar is measured the value of such dissimilar things as a ton of iron and a physician's visit. That is, if the price of one is twenty dollars and the fee for the other two dollars, their rela-

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tive value is ten to one. Likewise, with the dollar can be measured the diverse elements that enter into the industries of manufacture, agriculture, and transportation, which may not be so radically diverse as at first they may seem to be. Although the dollar may not be as inflexible a unit throughout time as the foot or the pound, it is a definite and exact unit of measure of value at any specified time.

The following tables express the measurement by dollars of the value of the intake and the outgo of these three branches of industry. The amounts for the railroad have been ascertained from the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the years 1905, 1900 and 1890; for manufactures, from the census for 1900, the census for 1890 and the special census of manufactures for 1905; for agriculture, from the census for 1900, the census for 1890 and the reports in the Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1905. These latter reports have been analyzed and criticised by statisticians of the Division of Agriculture of the United States census, and subjected to certain modifications in accordance with estimates made by them. In the comparisons based on these tables the returns for 1890 are not used, as the census figures for that year are admittedly incomplete and the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission are not so highly developed as for later years. To any one desiring to follow the details that have entered into the compilation of these tables, the writer will be glad to send a complete analysis upon request.

Manufactures.

	1905	1900	1890
Capital	$13,872,035,371	$9,817,434,799	$6,525,156,486
Number of salary and wage-earners	6,718,618	5,705,165	4,712,622
Gross value of products	16,866,706,985	13,004,400,143	9,372,437,283
Cost of materials used	9,497,619,851	7,345,413,651	5,162,044,076
Total salaries and wages	3,623,589,623	2,726,045,110	2,283,216,529
Miscellaneous expenses	1,651,603,535	1,027,755,778	631,225,035
Net returns from products	2,093,893,976	1,905,185,604	1,295,951,643

Railroads.

Capitalization	$13,805,258,121	$11,491,034,960	$9,437,343,420
Number of salary and wage-earners	1,382,196	1,017,653	749,301
Gross earnings	2,082,482,406	1,487,044,814	1,051,877,632
Cost of materials used	550,657,472	384,163,670	
Total salaries and wages	839,944,680	577,264,841	692,093,971
Miscellaneous expenses	75,538,597	53,765,267	
Net earnings	616,341,657	471,851,036	359,783,661

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Agriculture.

	1905	1900	1890
Capital	$30,043,000,000	$22,939,901,164	$18,082,267,689
Number of farmers and farm laborers	10,900,000	10,381,765	8,565,926
Value of product	5,738,850,000	4,311,372,177	2,933,985,914
Wages paid labor	393,690,000	357,391,930	257,450,387
Fertilizer	61,366,300	53,430,910	38,469,598
Taxes	225,322,500	172,049,257	135,617,007
Interest on capital at 7 per cent.	2,103,010,000	1,605,793,081	1,265,758,738
Net return to farm owners	2,945,461,200	2,122,706,999	1,236,690,184

Because of the lack of absolute returns in the case of manufactures and agriculture, deductions cannot be made from the foregoing premises that will be of the clear-cut and exact nature required by an accountant in making up a balance-sheet. To repeat, caution must be most strongly given that the figures in the following comparisons, in the case of manufactures and agriculture, are not to be considered as definite calculations, but rather as indications so veiled with mist that the clear-cut outlines are obscured, but yet allowing sufficient perception of form and quantity to guide the pilot.

From the standpoint of the investor, the standpoint of the man whose money is in a business, a prime consideration is always what is the rate of return on the capital in that business. From the standpoint of the consumer, of the purchaser of commodities and services a prime consideration is the greatest satisfaction that can be obtained for the lowest price. The interest of the nation as a whole is that its citizens should obtain a fair return for their efforts, and should obtain at fair prices the commodities and services which they need. To revert to the simile with which this article began, if the equilibrium of the functions of the body be disturbed, if over-nutrition of one organ lead to the impoverishment of another, if the unduly accelerated functions of one lead to an impairment in the performance of another, there will, if such a condition continue, ultimately result the prostration of the body as a whole. So also it is with the social organism, the body politic.

From the foregoing table we ascertain the following to be the

Net Returns per Each $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$151	$194
Railroads	44	41
Agriculture	98	92

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The most extreme modification of the tables consequent upon the completest information would not, in all probability, alter the conspicuous deduction from this comparison. That is, the investor looking for the greatest immediate profit, in either 1900 or 1905, would have turned first to manufactures, then to agriculture and lastly to the railroad. The tremendous development of manufactures and the enormous prosperity of the farming regions of the west confirm this deduction.

If it be claimed that the low net return to the railroads is because of their inflated capitalization, the reply is made that the actual capitalization of the American railroads, including all cases of inflation, is only about fifty-two thousand dollars a mile, which is far less than that of the railroads of any other country. Recent reports of the actual expenditure for construction show that it costs, in this country, to build one mile of railroad from twenty-five thousand dollars over level country, where there are no obstacles, to over one hundred thousand dollars in places of dense population and where construction is difficult. This does not include buildings or equipment. A correct physical valuation of the railroads of the United States would, doubtless, confirm the statements of President Roosevelt, President Hadley and others of high authority that they are not as a whole overcapitalized.

The net returns are what remains of the gross returns after the payment of all expenses. The ratio of these gross returns and expenditures to capital is shown in the following tables:

Gross Returns per $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$1,216	$1,324
Railroads	150	128
Agriculture	191	187

The excessive amount in the case of manufactures is largely due to the fact that, in selling a manufactured product, the manufacturer has to be reimbursed for the cost of all the elements that enter into that product, and these elements in large degree consist of commodities, which, although raw material to the final manufacturer, may be the finished products of intermediate manufacturers. For example, boots and shoes are a product of which manufactured leather is the raw material. Manufactured leather is a product of which tanned hides are the raw material, and raw hides are the raw material of the tanner.

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Total Expenditures per Each $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$1,065	$1,130
Railroads	106	87
Agriculture	75	77

In the case of manufactures these expenditures are 88 per cent. of the gross returns, the high ratio being caused by the high value of the products of intermediate manufacture that are included as raw material. The deduction of the value of such partly manufactured products from the gross value of manufactured products eliminates duplication. That is, the value of manufactured leather which appears in the gross value of products as an output of the leather-factory, disappears from the net return of the boot and shoe factory when the value of the raw material used by the boot and shoe factory is deducted from the value of its products.

In the case of agriculture, the expenditures are but 39 per cent. of the gross returns. This is due in part to the fact that the farmer's payment for raw material is low, and in part to the fact that the sun and the rain for which he does not pay are the farmer's most effective instruments.

The expenditure of the railroad is 71 per cent. of the gross returns, thirty-two points higher than the expenditure of agriculture and but seventeen points below the expenditure of manufactures, even although the expenditure account of the railroad for material contains no items similar to the partly manufactured products of manufactures.

Although the labor cost is not the total cost in any industry, it is a most important factor in that total cost, and in the analysis of any business is subject to rigid scrutiny. On nearly every farm, the farmer himself is an active worker, but the census returns do not show separately the farmers and the farm laborers. Therefore the labor cost in the case of agriculture is omitted from the following tables:

Total Salary-Wage for Each $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$261	$277
Railroads	61	50

In the case of manufactures, labor received 73 per cent. greater return than capital; in the case of railroads labor received 38 per cent. greater return than capital. The ratio of labor cost to capital for the railroad was but 23 per cent. of that for manufactures, while the labor charge of the railroads per dollar of net

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returns was but 78 per cent. of that for manufactures. The labor of the railroads, however, is applied through machinery to a far greater degree than the labor of either manufactures or agriculture, the horse-power of the machinery of the railroad exceeding the horse-power of manufactures and agriculture combined. It is, moreover, disclosed by the first of these comparative statements that the capital of manufactures received a net return 107 points higher, or 243 per cent. greater, than that of the railroad. That is, it required to produce one dollar of net returns $6.62 of capital in the case of manufactures, $9.44 in the case of agriculture, while it requires $22.40 of capital in the case of the railroads.

Average Salary-Wage per Worker.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$539	$477
Railroads	607	567

Total Salary-Wage per Each $1,000 of Expenditure.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$245	$245
Railroads	572	568

Total Salary-Wage per Each $1,000 Net Returns.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$1,730	$1,430
Railroads	1,362	1,223

The average salary-wage paid by the railroads was 12.6 per cent. greater than the average paid by the manufacturers. The ratio of net return to the wage of the railroad employee was 27 per cent. greater than the ratio of net return to the wage of the manufacturing employee. That is, manufactures paid 27 per cent. more salary-wage to produce $1,000 net returns than the railroads. The salary-wage required to produce $1,000 of net returns increased in five years, 21 per cent. for manufacturers and 11 per cent. for the railroads. That the high average salary-wage for the railroads is not caused by the heavy salaries of the administrative officers is shown by the fact that, of the $839,944,680 paid in 1905 by the railroads in salaries and wages, but $15,155,278, or 1.8 per cent., went to the general officers. In the aggregate, the high salaries of the presidents are insignificant. It is conspicuous and significant that, of the total expenditure of manufactures, but 24 per cent. was for salary-wage, while of the total expenditure of the railroads, 57 per cent. was for salary-wage.

The tables that are given next cast further light upon the relation of labor to each of the three great branches of industry.

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Number of Workers per $100,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	48	58
Railroads	10	9
Agriculture	36	45

That is, for each $100,000 of capital manufactures give employment to 380 per cent. more workers than the railroad; agriculture, 260 per cent. more.

Number of Workers per $100,000 Net Returns.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	320	291
Railroads	224	215
Agriculture	370	489

That is, to produce $100,000 of net returns, manufactures require 43 per cent. more workers than the railroads, and agriculture 65 per cent. more. Not only is the ratio of labor charge to capital less in the case of the railroads, but the number of workers per given amount of capital is vastly less. Although their workers receive a higher average wage, a given amount of net return is produced by the railroads with 70 per cent. of the number of workers required in manufactures, and 60 per cent. of the number required in agriculture.

The comparisons brought out by the preceding tables and the deductions therefrom show that, while the administration of the railroads is far more economical than that of either manufactures or agriculture, the returns to capital are far less. This would indicate that the prices for the product of the railroads—that is, the rates for transportation—are relatively lower than the prices for the products of manufacture and for the products of agriculture. This deduction is borne out by figures which also are obtained from recent publications of the United States Government.

Bulletin No. 65 of the Bureau of Labor, issued July, 1906, contains the results of an investigation into the wages and hours of labor in the manufacturing industries from 1890 to 1905, and of an investigation of the retail prices of food from 1890 to 1905. It states:

"The average wages per hour in 1905 were 18.9 per cent. higher than the average for the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899, inclusive. The average earnings per week were 14 per cent. higher, and the average hours of labor per week were 4.1 per cent. lower."

The same report says:

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"The average prices of wheat, bread, butter, cheese, chickens, cornmeal, eggs, fresh fish, salt fish, milk, mutton and veal were higher in 1905 than in any other year of the sixteen-year period. The advance in bacon since 1896 has been 43.5 per cent.; the advance in Irish potatoes, 43.1 per cent.; the advance in eggs, 41.8 per cent.; the advance in dry or pickled pork, 31.9 per cent.; the advance in fresh pork, 30 per cent.; the advance in flour, 29.3 per cent.; the advance in cornmeal, 28.6 per cent. The advance in food, . . . according to its consumption in the family of the working-man, has been . . . 12.4 per cent., when compared with the average for the ten-year period 1890 to 1899."

Bulletin No. 69 of the Bureau of Labor, issued March, 1907, contains a record of wholesale prices of all commodities from 1890. Taking the average wholesale price from 1890 to 1899, as 100 per cent., this record shows that wholesale prices increased as follows, for 1905: Farm products, 24.2 per cent.; food, etc., 8.7 per cent.; cloths and clothing, 12 per cent.; fuel and lighting, 28.8 per cent.; metals and implements, 22.5 per cent.; lumber and building materials, 27.7 per cent.; drugs and chemicals, 9.1 per cent.; house-furnishing goods, 9.1 per cent.; miscellaneous, 12.8 per cent.; all commodities, 15.9 per cent.

Turning to the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, we find that the average rate per ton per mile for 1890 was .941 cents—that is, nine hundred and forty-one one-thousandths of one cent; for 1900, .729 cents; and for 1905, .766 cents. Although the average rate per ton per mile for 1905 increased one-half of one per cent. over the average rate for 1900, the average rate for 1905 was but 91.2 per cent. of the average for the period from 1890 to 1899. That is, the average for 1905 was 8.8 per cent. lower than the average for the ten-year period.

The Auditor of the Interstate Commerce Commission said to the writer that it is impossible at the present time for the Commission to furnish an adequate, concrete presentation of the variation of rates over any considerable period, to so recent a year as 1905, as affecting the flow of traffic, even of the great staples in the great traffic channels. He stated, however, that the one typical example always cited is that of the grain rates from Chicago to the seaboard.

The various grains and grain products constitute from year to year, as there may be abundance or scarcity of supply, from twenty-five to forty per cent. of the tonnage of the railroads of the United States. The report submitted by the Industrial Com-

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mission to Congress in 1901 states that "the competition of carriers and the rivalry of markets, in their constant efforts to control freight movement from grain territory, succeed in steadily lowering railway rates." The diagram accompanying this statement shows that the prices of wheat oscillated between one hundred and thirty-five per cent. in 1867 to sixty-eight per cent. in 1896; of corn, between 116 per cent. and 45 per cent., while railroad rates steadily declined from 105 per cent. to 45 per cent. This report gives table after table showing the declines in grain rates, which, on various roads, have ranged from 25 to 74 per cent. and states that "the American product meets the world's competition in foreign markets on favorable terms and usually with great success, with the result that, because of the cheapness of transportation and the acumen of the grain merchant, the American producer gets very much more for his labor than the inhabitant of any other country on earth." The story is told by these figures:

Wheat	1895	1900	1905
Average price on farm Dec. 1.....	50.9 cts.	61.9 cts.	74.8 cts.
Average price f. o. b. cars Chicago for Eastern shipment	62.1 "	70.7 "	100.8 "
Rail rates Chicago to New York for export	12.0 "	9.4 "	8.1 "
Average price at New York.....	66.9 "	80.6 "	103.1 "

Competition of the primary markets—St. Paul, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, etc.—keeps up the price to the producer. The competition of carriers and markets keeps down the price to the consumer. Both forces tend to reduce the cost of distribution, including the rate of transportation and the charge for handling.

While the figures based on the Census tables concerning manufactures and agriculture cannot be used as a basis for definite calculation, it is believed that the premises and deductions set forth in this article approach accuracy within a margin of error so small that the conclusions in general are entirely valid. That these conclusions are not in accord with the popular impression of the past few years is no reason for rejecting them, but rather an incentive toward giving them the widest publicity, that the popular impression may be readjusted to facts. That the railroads have been unable to satisfactorily move all of the traffic that has been offered to them during this era of prosperity, and that they have asked for additional capital by the hundreds of millions of dollars, every one knows. The presidents of the railroads have

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been telling us that the rate of wages and the prices of commodities have advanced far out of proportion to the rates for transportation, which, in reality, have declined, and that of late the rate of interest on new capital has been increasing. Their statements, which do not seem to have sunk very deeply into the popular mind, are here amply proved by the reports collected and records tabulated by the Government. That the products of agriculture and of manufacture have increased, both in quantity and in value, by leaps and bounds every one knows; but every one does not scrutinize the reports of the railroad companies, which month by month of late have shown that the increases in gross earnings, caused by the enhanced volume of traffic, are often more than offset by the increases in expenses caused by the advance in the prices of everything of which a railroad makes use. Do not the conclusions reached through the foregoing analysis indicate a tendency, while manufactures and agriculture have been nourished and stimulated, toward the impoverishment of the railroads and an impairment in the performance of their functions?

That the wide-spread popular prejudice against the railroads has its cause, or its causes, goes without saying; there is a cause for everything. The piratical practices of speculators have cast a shadow over the entire railroad world, even although the railroad pirates of this day can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the exposure of their evil practices ever reduces the possibility of their repetition. For one buccaneer in railroad administration there are dozens and hundreds, even thousands, of able, earnest and honest men upon whom the burden of physical and economic conditions that have been of intrinsic extraordinary severity has fallen with the added weight of undeserved public obloquy.

As Secretary Root has recently pointed out, there has been a mighty impetus toward a fuller honesty in the conduct of business. Practices that were easily tolerated a generation ago are now under the ban of public opinion. Rebates that were once vigorously sought by every one who had a pretext for claiming them have been dug up by the roots. The principal shippers of to-day, the men who come in contact with the traffic officers of the railroads and pay the freight bills, have little complaint to make of freight rates. The outcry has been most vociferous from those who have not adjusted their business in accordance with changing economic currents. The outcry has been taken up by

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politicians—who do not ship freight or pay freight bills—and their utterances have impressed the great body of the people, who likewise do not to any appreciable extent ship freight or directly pay freight bills. These people have been ignorant of the fact that the freight charges have been in constantly decreasing ratio to the cost of production and the cost of marketing the great commodities of daily need. The freight charge is so low that it is seldom a factor in the retail prices of these commodities. That is, the retail prices of the commodities of daily use, with but few exceptions, are determined without reference to the rate of freight; they would be neither higher nor lower if the commodities were transported by the railroads gratis.

Moreover, there has been general ignorance of the principles that underlie and must underlie the making of rates by the railroads. If every one would read the great authorities upon this subject, Acworth, of England, Fink, Hadley, Taussig and Seligman, in the United States, the clamor against the railroads would dwindle and fade. Indeed this ignorance of the principles that underlie rate-making has been the principal source of popular dissatisfaction.

Arbitrary enforcement of rules and a lack of courtesy on the part of railroad officers and employees in dealing with their patrons have here and there aroused personal resentment that alone has been a large factor in the popular prejudice. On the whole, however, it would seem that the railroads of this country deserve, and at this time peculiarly need, helpful encouragement. They should, at least, have fair play.

LOGAN G. MCPHERSON.

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HOW CUBANS DIFFER FROM US.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. L. BULLARD, U.S.A.

AMERICA is face to face with a still unsolved Cuban problem. To know Cubans, therefore, and how they differ from us is now a thing of moment. In the wretched mess which we have made in handling our negro problem, we have warning against the policy of proceeding in ignorance, though we do it with intentions that would honor the angels.

Shall it be with us in Cuba, "The measure of your absurdity is your difference from me?" Since Cuba and the Philippines have pulled us out of our shell, Americans are broadening. We are beginning to be able to note, without pity or contempt, that all men are not even such as we.

To the eye of the observer, upon his first coming to Cuba, the differences between Cubans and Americans rise countless and loom enormous; but, upon acquaintance, many of the differences which at first sight appear so striking and vivid, strangely fade, and others completely disappear and are forgotten. These are mere surface differences of no consequence. But there are others that remain or come to light on after contact. These concern us.

Cuba is at our doors, has always been, but till now we have not noted her. Four hundred years ago she was discovered by Spain, only yesterday by America. Fresh from our shores entering her gates, we gaze at Morro and Cabañas castles on the left and La Punta, La Fuerza and Habana on the right, and feel that we are entering a new world. In the massive stones and frowning walls of her old forts, we see something of Rome, the Eternal; in their dungeons, dark passages, great ditches, towers, drawbridges and ponderous doors, the Middle Ages; in the narrow, tortuous streets, the heavy, unadorned, prison-like walls and enclosures we see the East—we think of the ancient cities of Asia Minor and of Egypt.

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In the swarthy men and dark-haired, dark-eyed women, there is something of Northern Africa, and our thoughts turn back to the wonderful, dark Moor who long ruled Spain and left her his blood, aye, and much, too, of his character and ways, for all generations. It is new, it is different. Everything, the ships alone excepted, somehow suggests antiquity and the reverence of history, and—a past, of which America has none.

At the landing and throughout Cuba, there looms the great sign of equality between white man and black. To the American at home, the negro as a social, political or even industrial equal is an affront, an offence, nothing less; to the Cuban he is not. We resent him; the Cuban does not. We will not accept him; the Cuban does. To the Spaniard, from whom the Cuban sprang, the negro was never a *persona non grata.* In the colonies of Spain the two have ever easily mixed and crossed. In Cuba it was and is so. Schools, churches, theatres, hotels, baths, street-cars, steamers—all are the black man's and white man's alike.

Between the black and white, all over Cuba, one can but be struck with the gentler, more kindly, more considerate relations and feelings. One cannot fail to see quickly that the Cuban negro is unmistakably a milder and a gentler being than his American brother. For this there is but one explanation. It is to be found in his only really differing conditions, namely, his difference of status and treatment. It is because in Cuba the negro is politically, industrially and almost socially, in public and in private, accepted as an equal. It is because he is not everywhere confronted and made hard in thought and feeling by cold or resentful signs of contempt from the white man. There seems no way to avoid this conclusion. This thought, when we recur to the hardness and bickerings between the races with us, brings feelings of shame and regret. We think to mend the conditions; we feel that we would be willing to do much, to go far, to translate these gentler feelings to soften and better our own country; but in this thinking we are at last and unavoidably confronted and stopped by the true and only cause of these gentler feelings in Cuba—the mixture of races. From America to Cuba we can pass in hours; from the American view to the Cuban view herein, not in all time. Some have jeered the fear of a negroid race. Let them visit eastern Cuba. It is too late to fear; we must there face it.

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"Naw, I ain't no Cuban," gloweringly answered me a Cuban-looking American whom I had asked as to his nationality. "No, sir, I have not the honor," answered me an American-looking Cuban to whom I had put a like question. The two answers illustrate a wide-yawning national difference. Politeness, a delightful readiness to please, is among the Cuban's most marked and pleasing characteristics. These are his everywhere and under all conditions. Consideration for the stranger is no less strong and characteristic. If you but inquire your way, the busiest Cuban in town or country will not only stop his work to tell you in full, but you can only with difficulty in most cases prevent him from coming with you to show you the whole road. Their affability and responsiveness are delightful. In the parks and cafés, in public, you need but speak to them. Travelling, everywhere, whether acquainted or not, they entertain each other, chatting pleasantly in groups, where Americans would be found glum, silent and alone. It may make them lose time, it may not let them go so fast or do so much—it has that effect—but it has another. It makes life easier and sweeter and pleasanter.

The Cuban imprisons his wife. Once married, it is for her the home, barred door and grated window. It is the Moor.

A remarkable strength and exuberance of feeling go with the Cuban's blood. His language alone, his tongue, is all inadequate to express his feelings. He talks with arms, hands, face and shoulders, with all his body. All passion is excessive, swelling, boundless. Perhaps it is the climate; one cannot say. Yet the self-contained American is at once the envy and the despair of Cubans. They are, and they know it without being able to amend it, over-emotional and over-excitable. The common cry of the newsboy makes every issue a thrilling extra, and you buy it to find—nothing. Wild cries startle you in the streets. With heart in your throat and expecting a scene of horror, an accident or a fearful runaway, you turn to find a driver halting in perfect control a sleepy mule that looks as if he had never been guilty of a quick movement in all his life. Hysterical public justice to-day imposes upon crime a severe punishment, none of which an equally hysterical public sympathy will, to-morrow, permit to be executed. It is a nation of vehement emotion, of vehement lovers, haters, actors and orators. If repressed, if obliged to contain themselves even a little, they explode. Right here, remembering the force and

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repression that everywhere characterize governments of Roman-Spanish derivation, we find explanation, in large part, of Cuban revolutions in the past. That government alone can succeed with them that can provide, and with strength and equanimity allow, the daily use of a vent to their feelings. Let them storm, let them rant, let them rave; it is the safety valve.

There are certain differences which, though they early and everywhere attract our notice and call forth contemptuous criticism, are yet not strictly Cuban, but depend also upon the climate. Prime among these is the "mañana habit," procrastination. It is nothing less than a yearning to let things go, a willingness to rest on forever, to "sit around" humped in the shoulders and doubled in the chest, unmoved alike by sense of duty or natural inclination either to work or to think. Not the white man nor any man was made to work in Cuba at the American's straining rate. It is impossible. In colonial days it was attempted with the Cuban Indians. It killed them; the race was wiped out.

But if it is impossible, neither is it necessary for men to work so hard in Cuba. The Lord provides; He does it almost all.

In that gentle climate, too, after hours of complete inactivity, the body makes no demand upon us for that physical exercise upon lack of which elsewhere quickly follow ill-feeling and physical discomfort. Unprompted by the body, the mind also soon ceases to suggest the need of exercise. We live on, easily, deliciously and without care.

Cubans, again, are moved with no such anxiety as we for wealth, no impatience to get at and exploit at once and to the bottom the last resources of the land. Unlike us, they take time to eat; they do not hustle, shove or glare fiercely at you in the streets if you do not get out of their way.

But the non-rushing habit is not solely of the climate. They like the world's goods, but neither Cuban nor Spaniard has ever felt that possession is the main thing in life nor been willing to make the fierce struggle we make for money. Nor, having it, does he so value it. For anything he desires, if he have the money, he stops at no price; he buys it. To the American this way does not appeal. To him it is all but incomprehensible that a man will not put forth the last effort to acquire and pile up all wealth. This is his main subject of carping in Cuba. It is his point of least patience and last condemnation of the Cuban.

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Close kin to this relaxation in physical and industrial is a certain relaxation in moral qualities. This will be denied, most by those who, longest in Cuba, have had most opportunity to judge and most opportunity—to fall into the same way.

The amount of government which Cuba carries and seems willing to carry is astonishing. All the relations of ordinary life, down to the minutest details, are regulated and hedged about by laws and watched by officers. In town or country, police and rural-guard uniforms are never out of one's sight, and the number of civic officials, public functionaries, secretaries and clerks seems endless. At least every tenth man is some sort of an officer. And yet in the general desire to hold public office (the last revolution was but a struggle for the offices), the people would perhaps be willing to see the number doubled.

Next to the amount of government they will stand comes the amount of taxation to which they will submit. In America, the politician's surest bid for popularity, his winning card, is the cry of "high taxes." In Cuba, where, from high duties, we may say it costs even to breathe, that cry is hardly heard.

From the long tutelage of so much law and goverment, the Cubans, in spite of their impulsive, revolutionary nature, have emerged a people with an awe of authority and a fear of the law unknown among Americans. "Guns" are as thick to-day in Cuba as in the West in her palmiest days; their deadly use is of the rarest occurrence.

The laws' close supervision, too, has worked some curious results. It has been so hard upon the use of force, even in self-defence, that this right in any adequate sense has been practically wiped out of Cuban law. The thief and the burglar, even when caught in the act, have been made safe from personal harm, and the officer of the law almost disabled in any arrest where he meets the least resistance. A rural guard was fired upon by a thief whom he was pursuing. He returned the fire, wounding and capturing his man. The thief got six months, the guard three years.

Rank and officialdom command an exaggerated deference, an obsequiousness even far outside the range of their authority. Be one but an officer, one can do anything, command anything. That it be known that one exceeds his authority, in general makes little difference if one but have a little rank. The influence of the official is so wonderful that his personal wishes and desires are

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likely to be met even without motion on his part. This often makes the lower officers the mere toadies of the higher. "Make us," said a keen-observing Cuban, speaking of the present American intervention, "make us officers that will act independently, and you will have put Cuba on her feet."

This quality of obsequiousness is, further, the basis of caciqueism, the Cuban habit or tendency to refer and to defer in all things to some local leader. The cacique it was that in a few years split up into some twenty-four insignificant, wrangling boroughs the half-dozen provinces that once composed a single colony of Spain in South America. But, fortunately, he is slowly disappearing in Cuba.

"The worst and most general public graft in the world," we often hear charged by Americans upon Cubans. No, it is only that, from lack of experienced practice, it is crudely done, so crudely as to make it easily discoverable and more offensive.

A basic difference that accounts for much that we criticise in Cuban character, personality, government, politics and public life, that accounts for much of deficiency, much of weakness, is the fault of the Cuban's raising and training his children from birth to manhood to know not discipline—to know not what it is to restrain one's desires, control one's self, or deny one's inclinations if their satisfaction is attainable. It is the lack of this training that makes the difference between a child and a man, not in body, but in character. It is that which makes the full-grown savage, when denied his will, throw himself down like a little child to weep and cry before you in abandon of disappointment and anger. It is because of the lack of that which the Cuban is not taught, that, with the body of a man, he appears so much in the character of a child. This accounts for the Cuban emotionality and impracticability, their excitability and anger when opposed in any way, their wild rushing into revolutions when everything does not go to suit them, their lack of poise in government and public affairs. It makes them want to gratify every whim or desire; it takes from them the power of self-denial. It makes them ready to pay any price in money or anything else, except self-control, for whatever they desire. It keeps them children. It makes it necessary for a neighbor to take them in hand, control, direct and manage their government and public polity. It makes the Cuban a Cuban.

R. L. BULLARD.

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THE RUINOUS COST OF CHINESE EXCLUSION.

A LABORING MAN TO LABORING MEN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

TRUE it is, skilled labor is getting higher wages than it received last year, in the city, but if it costs now much more than it cost then for bread and meat, where is the good or profit to the working-man? And is it quite equitable that the laboring man of the city should entirely ruin the laboring man of the country, without even saying so much as "by your leave"?

Last year, and I think my case a fairly average one among the small farmers, I was able to pay my taxes from the income of my land. I rented most of it to dairymen. At that time, they could get hay put in the barn for seven dollars a ton. This year they have to pay fifteen dollars a ton, and they find trouble in getting it delivered, even at that. They are moving out. And why can't they get hay at a fair figure? Simply because there is not enough labor in the land to harvest and deliver it.

There is more hay this year than in any one year in the last twenty. There are not only tons, but hundreds and hundreds of tons, of hay rotting and rusting in the dust only a few miles from my back door. And it will rot in the rain this winter, and cattle must die in herds. And then meat and bread and all things must take another leap upward.

A short time ago some friends came to see me from Fresno in a great rage, saying that the Japanese raisin-pickers were demanding two dollars and a half this year, instead of one and a quarter, as last year. And why not? Our chief objection to them, and to the Chinese also, was "Oriental cheap labor." And then, does not the white man demand all he can get for his labor?

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"My friends," said I, "shall I tell you what to do in order to get cheap labor? Repeal the Chinese Exclusion Act, and also make it safe and agreeable for the Japanese, and you will have all the cheap labor you like, and at your own price."

I saw strong, tall and shapely white men piling bricks in the city, by thousands, not long ago. It was dirty, dusty, hard work for such men. Such work should be done by little yellow Cantonese. They grow close to the dirt and dust, and it does not hurt them to lean over and hold the head down all day. Besides, they will do the work at half or quarter the price. The white man should be doing something better.

The editor of a certain magazine has written me asking for an article on the Exclusion of the Japanese. After careful consideration, I have decided to answer directly to the laboring men, in whose interest, no doubt, the article is asked.

In the first place, then, I must decline to urge, or even entertain, the impossible. There can be no Japanese Exclusion Act; but there must be, and there should be, very soon, a repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act. I can remember, and so can some of my fellow laborers, when the most unpopular man in any community was an "abolitionist." At the first political convention I ever attended, at Eugene, Oregon, the two leading Democrats, afterwards United States Senators, in their heated rivalry violently and vociferously accused each other of "abolitionism." The same sort of reproach, even extending to personal violence in some quarters of California, rests on the man who dares say the Chinese Exclusion Act must and should be repealed. The change of sentiment in this matter must come, and it will come as suddenly as the odium passed from the abolitionist in the earlier time.

Let me quote a paragraph from a despatch from Washington, on September 13th:

> "The labor question on the coast, the Secretary said, was becoming more serious every day, and he instanced the fact that the navy-yards at Mare Island and Bremerton were working far under their capacity by reason of the labor famine. He pointed out that in the West farm-hands were being paid as high as six dollars a day."

Six dollars a day for farm-hands! I have only now returned from a three months' tour through Oregon, Washington and Idaho. I saw in that tour fruit of all sorts, in their season, rotting on the ground, not only by tons, but by hundreds and hun-

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dreds of tons. I saw great machines in the harvest-fields, all kinds of traction-engines, mighty reapers drawn by as many as thirty-six horses. Yet, despite this energy and industry of the brave producers, there lay thousands on thousands of acres all going to waste. And the feeling of the honest tillers of the soil at such loss, after all their care and their great outlay, was at fever-heat. I promised them to appeal to the people.

The honest farmer is not the only sufferer. The world wants this bread. In some parts of the world it is needed, and needed badly. The Chinese people are starving for this bread, starving to death in multitudes. These people would be willing to work for fifty cents a day. This nation is going to say: "Let them come and work." They want the work, the farmer wants them to have it.

And is their work going to compete with you or me, my fellow laborers? Not in the least. On the contrary, it is the very thing we need, as much as the farmer needs it. To illustrate. I paid, the last time I was down to my grocer's, eighty cents for a twenty-pound sack of flour. A few years ago, before the Exclusion Act, I paid only seventy-five cents for a fifty-pound sack of flour. You all did the same. You are paying just about a triple price now. Why? Because the farmer is paying more than a triple price for his labor. This sort of labor does not at all conflict with the labor of any one in the industrial storm centres. No laborer in the city wants to get out to work on the farm, be he white or black. But the little yellow Cantonese laborer and the little brown Nipponese, growing close to the ground and able to get down to the work they so much need, want to get out into the fields by thousands and by thousands. They could, and gladly would, bring bread prices back and down to their old normal conditions. They could, and gladly would, not only reduce the cost of living at least one-half, but they would save many a good man, the real laborer, from bankruptcy; they could save many a beautiful farm of to-day from being turned back to chaparral to-morrow.

Last summer, the Japanese asked only one dollar and twenty-five cents a day in the raisin-fields. This season they demand double that wage. Last year we paid seventy-five cents a box for raisins; this year we will pay one dollar and a half. And for what? Solely to suit a few uninformed and short-sighted labor leaders of the city, who have decided that they don't like "an abolitionist."

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California has survived in the interior, she has even prospered, not because of the Chinese Exclusion Act, but in spite of it. But with farm labor at six dollars a day, or even one-half, one-quarter, or one-sixth that figure, she is not going to prosper long, even if she survives.

Take my own little steep and stony ranch. The story of its unprofitable struggle will illustrate, in a small way, the whole situation. I wanted a home for my invalid mother in a mild climate, and bought about a hundred acres, and began to plant fruit-trees and grow garden-stuff. I first tried Portuguese, at forty cents a day. But these thrifty fishermen from the Azores soon got gardens of their own. Then I tried the nomadic, drunken tramp, tried to sober him up and set him to work. I need not recite the dismal struggle or the pitiful results. Then I got a Chinaman, whom I had known long ago in the mines, to get me five Chinese. This was when all things were at ebb-tide. Dennis Kearney was in command, so to speak, and Coxey's army was in embryo. This old Chinaman got five little Cantonese, to be housed and fed at my cost, for twenty-five dollars, five dollars each—that was all they asked—he to have ten, per month.

Then came the Exclusion Act. The rich folk must and would have Chinese servants. There was not a sufficient number for both rich and poor people, and my little yellow farmers, who could now get five times what I was paying, left my "quarters" empty on their very first pay-day.

By help of my first farm laborers, I had set the place into fruit and berries. But after two years' struggle, toiling with my own hands day and night, I had to let my Nova Scotia apples, Georgia peaches and all sorts of costly plants die where they stood, because, even when I could get white men to help me, they didn't know their work as Chinese do; besides, they were, sometimes, drunken and dirty, body and soul.

Leaving my orchards and gardens to die, as others are beginning to do for the same reason, I set most of the place in forest trees. I am now leaning on this grove of more than fifty thousand trees, hoping that I may yet be able to make the place pay taxes!

Meantime, after the orchards and gardens had been allowed to go to waste, a few Japanese students came and, between lessons, took generous interest in teaching me how to trim and make trees grow, as if they had been masters of forestry. Of course, they

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were of the higher class; but I am bound to say that the dozen or more of these people whom I have had with me, more or less, for the past twenty years, have compelled me to regard this sort of fellow laborer with the greatest respect. The Japanese, at home or abroad, is entirely sober and temperate. Born and bred in the water, so to speak, he is as clean as the water can make him. He is industrious, beyond belief. He rises with the birds, as we all should; but he burns the "midnight oil" to excess.

And now, my fellow toilers, a serious word about those vast millions of acres now being opened up by irrigation in Nevada, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. If the lack of men to harvest fruit and grain this year has entailed the loss of millions on millions, what is going to happen next year, and the next year, and the next, with these millions of acres added to our present acreage. Think it out for yourselves. For you can think, and the time is at hand for you to think reasonably and humanely.

And now let me ask you of the San Francisco union laborers, who insist on the exclusion of Chinese labor, How do you compare, either in numbers or in strength, with the vast army of laborers in the interior who have neither time nor money to attach themselves to any sort of union? In the language of the Bible, you are, both in numbers and in strength, "as grasshoppers in their sight." Bear in mind that you and all your unions put together are only a very small part of San Francisco. Remember that all San Francisco put together is only a very small part of California, and that all California is only a small portion of the United States. And yet you, a small, contentious portion and faction of a single city, assume to say that California and all this vast interior of new homes shall let their crops rot to humor your blindness, which has already doubled, trebled the price of your own bread!

You remind me of a dear friend to whom I looked up with great respect when I was a lad in Oregon. He was a State Senator, a kinsman of the great Sam Houston, of Texas, and his one hobby was to keep people out of Oregon. He would cry aloud in the Senate: "Too many people in Oregon already! Wall up the passes! Wall up the passes! Keep the people out! They will trample down the grass! They will ruin the grass, and we want the grass for our cattle. We want the cattle for California. Wall up the passes! Wall up the passes!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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SWINBURNE AND MUSIC.

BY CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

AMONG the memorable influences of the Wagnerian music-drama should not be overlooked this, that it subtly redrew the attention of the world of art to the common basis of music and poetry, and tended towards the establishing of better relations in the somewhat estranged family of phonetics. In this, as always in such matters, it was only a part, no doubt, of a general movement, accelerated by the symphonic poems of Liszt and Saint-Saëns, towards a more formal alliance between two arts having a common origin and the same blood; a movement that in our day may be thought to have reached its climax on its musical side in the tone-poems of Richard Strauss.

The basis of this interesting reconvergence of lines is old, the outward shows are new. However far, at times, poetry may have gone astray in bloomless metaphysical wastes, it could never lose its heart of song, it could never lose the essential stamp of its rhythmical race. The service of Wagner, Liszt and Strauss, poet-musicians, has been to modify music towards a more poetic expression. The service of a musician-poet like Swinburne has been to bring back poetry to a recognition of its function as a purely musical art. On an impartial survey it is likely to seem that, allowing for individual prejudice as well as for individual shortcomings, music and poetry have been enormously the gainers by the twofold recognition of their common mission and common methods—not equally the gainers, very likely, as certainly the resulting pleasure has been unequally distributed, but still the gainers.

True, Mr. Swinburne is more distinctly the heir and the culmination of a movement that has stretched its slow length along in English poetry from Marlowe down, and he seems, therefore,

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the less an innovator. Also his audience is small compared with the audiences of his brethren, the poet-musicians; that is true, because poetry, particularly the kind of poetry he has cultivated, has a narrower appeal than some other forms of music. Moreover, the whole subject of poetry as an art is so clogged about with confusions of a pseudo-classicism, with vague and commingled ideas of hymnology and philosophy, that its pure progress as an art is seldom shown contemporaneously. Worst of all, it suffers the lack of a definite, coherent and accepted system, such as notated music is blessed withal; and hence what it is and does is never to be announced with a certainty that will appeal to all classes, even of students.

Yet, despite all these untoward conditions, I think it can be shown that Mr. Swinburne has carried poetry at least as far towards a practical recognition of its strictly musical basis as the poet-musicians have carried music towards the higher poetic phases. Interest in Mr. Swinburne's poetry is now generally revived, not unreasonably in view of his almost half-century of singing and the prodigious output of his industrious life; and the time may be happy to try to discover what have been his additions to music-poetry. For it is conceded generally, even by those who do not like him, and by those who have not cared diligently to consider him, that his power to marshal words into mellifluous, resonant or melodious speech is very unusual; that, if nothing more, he is, at least, as Bayard Taylor defined him, "a great rhythmical genius"; and that this is easily the distinctive quality of his art.

To begin with, let us note that Mr. Swinburne, in his basic point of view, is really as much composer as poet, looking upon speech as music, using for his effects the sounds of speech as other composers use notes and chords. To see how this is, and to judge whether his theory of it be legitimate or even tolerable, it is useful to refer here for a moment to some of the familiar mental phenomena connected with musical impressions. All art is, of course, an appeal to the imagination, to which it seeks to impart the feeling that mastered and inspired the artist. Thus, the eye in the case of the plastic arts, and the ear in the case of the phonetic arts, are merely communicators and reporters of the inward sense that receives the message and is or is not infected with the required feeling. In music, the way of this com-

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munication is direct and simple; in poetry, it is not so simple (except where poetry is heard and not read), because from this silent reading the imaginative sense must construct the sound, and the faculty that does this is sometimes inefficient, sometimes rudimentary from disuse. Nevertheless, it is a sense quite willing to work if opportunity be given it; and, since the terminus, the final seat of the message, is the imagination, it can make in the end no difference whether the sounds are real or suggested; whether, that is to say, they enter the physical ear or are heard only by the ear of imagination, receiving the impressions of sound as the eye traverses the printed page and the constructive faculty creates the illusion of a reading voice. What is reported from these imagined sounds may be treated as music with as much certainty as the sounds made by a violin or a piano.

This is the groundwork of the theory, which is not, of course, in any way of Mr. Swinburne's inventing, but has merely reached in him the present stage of its evolution. In all his practice, words have two functions as the media of poetic art. They have, first, their definitive use, as the symbols of ideas, by which thought is conveyed, design and purpose established, structure is built, imagery and figurework are added; and they have, second, but hardly inferior, certain distinct and multifold tone values, which, in his method, are woven into carefully wrought-out schemes of sound intended to emphasize, clarify, vivify the feeling conveyed by the definitive function or bare meaning of the words.

That concrete ideas and clearly defined feelings can be conveyed by the sound of words is really no more unreasonable than that there should be the like transference from other musical sounds, and that these word-sound meanings are of constant occurrence in daily life the smallest observation will show clearly enough. But, in the case of poetry, we hesitate a little to accept it, because poetry does not always seem to us a pure and glorious art, but often the handmaid, now of humor, now of religion, now of the didactic formulas of philosophic thought. Nevertheless, from any investigation of the poetry that seems to us to have a pleasing sound, we come straight home to the inevitable conclusion that it is pleasing because it is closely allied to the principles of music.

The strictly musical idea of the dual function of words spreads,

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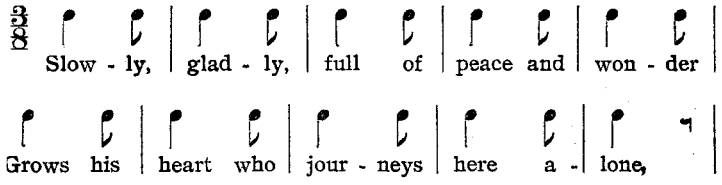
in the Swinburnian practice, into countless intricacies. Some of these need not be followed, but an outline of general principles is necessary to any fair understanding of the man's aim. Take, for instance, his use of rhythm or time-beat, the very foundation-stone of poetry as well as of music. We shall see clearly why this is called "a great rhythmical genius," and why, even at the very beginnings of his art, he is essentially of the order of musicians, if we submit his stanzas to rhythmical analysis on a basis of music. Here is a stanza from the third movement of his poem called "By the North Sea." The tempo is obviously slow, being so designed as to afford a contrast with the movements which have gone before; but how is it made so?

"Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder
Grows his heart who journeys here alone.
Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under
Deep as deep in water sinks a stone.
Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,
Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown."

The time bar of this, following the scheme of Sidney Lanier, may be shown thus:



the last time bar or foot of the second line consisting of a quarter note and an eighth rest. Resorting to the simple expedient of drumming this out with two pencils on a table, it will be noticed at once that the rhythmical device provides a somewhat slow and solemn sound, and that the two clefs represent a scheme very common in music. The slowness thus provided by the rhythmical basis is enhanced here by the verbalism; "slowly," with its full vowel sound, inducing an utterance slightly retarded and slightly emphatic, an effect that diminishes through "gladly" and "full of," where the voice naturally loses force a little and trips, in order to accentuate the important word "peace." We have here, then, united ingeniously with the rhythmical scheme all the effects of diminuendo and crescendo as used in music.

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We can assure ourselves that these devices spring from a musical and no other purpose in the poet's mind, and that in the respect of such usage he stands alone among our poets. How? By a very simple experiment. Of Mr. Swinburne's predecessors in music-poetry it can be said that often their poetry is melodious as it is beautiful and effective; but he alone absolutely requires for an adequate reading or full understanding a perfect musical basis of time bars. As a rule, other verse yields quite as easily to the old semiclassical system of scansion as to Mr. Lanier's time-bar method. Many lines in Swinburne cannot be scanned at all except by the Lanier method, which reduces so-called feet to their purely musical equivalents of time bars. What, for instance, can be made by the formerly accepted systems of prosody of such hexameters as

"Full-sailed, wide-winged, poised softly forever asway"?

The usual explanation of this line is that Mr. Swinburne, carelessly, inadvertently or for some occult purpose, interjected one line of five feet among his hexameters and the scansion usually followed is by arrangement into a pentameter, thus:

"Full-sailed | wide-winged | poised softly | forever | asway,"

the first two feet being held to be spondees, and the third and fourth amphibrachs. It has also been proposed to make the third foot a spondee or an iambus, and the remaining feet anapests, thus:

"Full-sailed | wide-winged | poised soft- | ly forev- | er asway."

The confusion of these ideas is enough to mark them as unscientific and worthless, to say nothing of the severe reflection they cast on the poet's workmanship. We have not so known Mr. Swinburne; for, if there be anything he has taught us about himself it is his strenuous and sometimes absurd particularity about immaculate form. He would never overlook a line of five feet in a poem of hexameters. But—as will, I think, appear later and conclusively—the line is really of six feet, and is not iambic, trochaic, anapestic, the spurious spondaic that some writers have tried to manufacture for English verse, or anything else recognized in Coleridge's immortal stanza, or in the text-books. It simply cannot be scanned by classical rules; it cannot be weighed

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justly, and its full meaning extracted, by any of the "trip-time" or "march-time" expedients of other investigators. It is purely music; and when read by the method of music appears perfectly designed and luminous with significance. Only a poet that was at heart a composer could have made such a phrase, based upon such intimate knowledge of music's rhythmical laws.

Or take what we vaguely call the mellifluous or resonant or melodious quality in Mr. Swinburne's verse. Take such lines as

> "And touched his tongue with honey and with fire,"
> "But in the sweet, clear fields beyond the river,"
> "Are kindled with music as fire when the lips of the morning part,"

chosen at random turning over his pages: it is most obvious that much of the pleasure of the sound is derived from the assonanting vowel notes in "touched," "tongue" and "honey," in "with" and "fire"; in "sweet, clear fields" and "river"; in "kindled," "music," "fire," "lips" and "morning." But this is merely the musical principle of assonance, the fundamental law of accordant sounds, and that Mr. Swinburne has, by common consent, shown an unprecedented mastery over these combinations is evidence that he has brought his art squarely within the laws of musical composition.

So far, all these effects are easily determinable and clear enough; but the next step is to be attempted with some diffidence. While all other music has been developed into a vast and intricate science in which the governing laws have been ascertained, weighed to the estimation of a hair, formulated, elaborated, mastered, and to be conveyed by invariable symbols, this commonest of all music, this music of human speech, remains an uncharted sea. We have some little knowledge of it, to be sure; we know, for instance, that in even the most ordinary utterance the voice continually changes its pitch, so that speech seems, on close attention, a kind of singing; and we know that from these changes we derive a considerable part of the meaning contained in utterance. We know that changing the key in which any word is spoken can change, or even reverse, its meaning. We know, for example, that if the utterance of any word ascend the scale two or three full tones a question is signified, but if it descend two or three tones an affirmation. We know, or a little observation will show us, that in any average sentence hardly any

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two words are spoken in the same key, and we know that all there is in what we call "inflection" is contained in these changing keys. These things are certain enough; but, so far, there is no system of notation wherewith to mark the minute difference in the keys of spoken words. To devise such a system would be difficult, because no two persons are likely to utter the same sentence in exactly the same way. The changes of keys are responsive to individual feeling, which slightly differs in each case. We can see, of course, that the true symbols of these voice-changes lie somewhere within the present system of musical notation; that the unnoted notes (if I may so term them), like those between A and A sharp, are answerable to the changes in the tones of speech, and we can easily believe that eventually these will be known and noted as definitely as piano scores.

But while so much of this subject is undiscovered country, and while at present the personal equation seems the impassable barrier to a system of speech notation that can be of universal application, some general principles can be discerned plainly and followed safely. We cannot, with perfect confidence, assume to tell how much the average voice will rise and fall in uttering any sentence, and we have no notes wherewith to express the rising and falling; yet experience shows that, for various reasons, the average voice will speak some words of any given sentence on a higher key than it will use for others. And here is a great matter in purely melodic poetry like Swinburne's.

Take, for instance, the first of the stanzas we have been examining. No one can say how much higher the voice will naturally pitch "gladly" than it will pitch "slowly," nor how much lower it will pitch "slow" than "ly"; and yet we know that "gladly" will certainly have a higher pitch than "slowly," even if there is no way accurately to denote the difference. We know, also, that "full of" will be spoken on higher keys than "gladly," and that in "and wonder" the voice will return, for three reasons, to something like the key original in "slowly": because the voice descends on emphatic words; because these words have open vowels, which normally demand lower tones than closed vowels; and because these words mark the end of a thought.

These are the certainties of utterance; and chiefly from such changes of key governed by such influences, with significance and

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word-sound so blended, arises the sense of tune or melody in verse. We may, therefore, venture to indicate in a clef something of these melodic impressions, always bearing in mind that what we are attempting is only relative and symbolical, and that the real changes in the average voice would probably be much finer than anything we can make here:

It will be apparent, I think, that, however crudely it may be echoed, here is really the basis of a tune; and the suggestion I would urge is that, while similar tunes, or the materials for them, are found in other poets, Mr. Swinburne has most clearly recognized these potentialities and most persistently used them.

Before we go on to other examples of its use, it seems needful to digress here into another aspect of music-poetry and one more familiarly associated with his name. Common, and possibly somewhat inconsiderate, comment has settled upon alliteration as the distinguishing mark of the Swinburne technique; and, as this artful aid is often condemned by severe taste as something of a trick, or at least of an inferior and obvious device, Mr. Swinburne has doubtless lost a little in contemporaneous fame by his apparent fondness for alliterative phrasing. A workman so careful and judicious as he, and one, moreover, whose taste is usually impeccable about other things, would not be likely to fall into an error so gross as this is represented to be. But alliteration is not necessarily a trick; it is not necessarily stucco on the verse structure. Used intelligently and designedly, it is a musical value, not only unobjectionable, but absolutely demanded for certain harmonic effects, and having a descent the most legitimate from the primal stock of music. What we call "alliteration" is, in the hands of a melodist, nothing more nor less than the working out of the principle of harmonics contained

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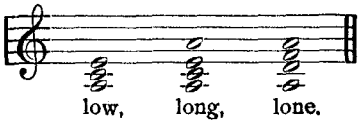
in the progress of the chord. Thus, in such a line as the first in "A Forsaken Garden,"

"In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,"

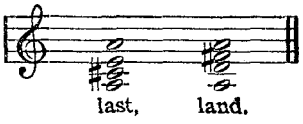
we can plainly see the harmonic value of the repetition of the hard "C" sound in "coign" and "cliff," and we can judge how much it means to us by substituting another word of a meaning much the same but out of the chord, as, suppose he had written "angle." Or take one of the lines that have been adversely criticised for excessive alliteration:

"To the low, last edge of the long, lone land."

"Low," "long" and "lone" are really related minor chords based upon principles familiar to most students of music. To take an illustration at random, they might be typified thus:



"Last" and "land" have a similar harmonic reason, and might accurately be illustrated thus:



Probably the truth is that in this passage, and in many others like it in Mr. Swinburne's poetry, the words are answerable to the particular strains he had in mind at the moment; he seized them as forming the equivalent chords, and he did not lay them upon his work with the trowel of extraneous ornament.

Another pertinent illustration of chord values that will occur instantly to all Swinburnians is the line in "Laus Veneris,"

"The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain,"

where the base of the chords may be regarded as the sound of W, the changing vowels supply the other notes, and the effects are identical with changed chords in a dominant key in music, a

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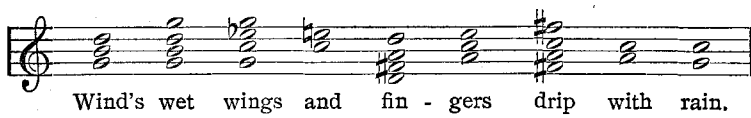
device equally reasonable in poetry, and one that forcibly illustrates the essential unity of the arts. Taking note of the ingenious following of "wings" with an allied sound in the first syllable of "fingers," something like this on a piano would be:



Without the use of the repetition of the basic note of the chord, without "alliteration," that is to say, no such effect would be possible.

In another respect, also, it seems fair to concede that Mr. Swinburne has carried further than any of his predecessors a strictly musical view of poetry. Rhyme, again, is not merely of an office of ornament or a thing of custom, but has harmonic origin and purpose, being in fact the principle of assonanting sound. That is to say, rhyme outgrows from the fact that the ear recognizes with peculiar pleasure a sound that repeats, with variations, the characteristic tones of a sound heard shortly before, a fact leading back agreeably to natural laws and, even further, to the fundamental truths of physical evolution. Most musical compositions are written in quite obvious rhymes; and the array of familiar and classical works that have not only rhymes but distinct stanzaic arrangements exactly like those of poetry is worth remembering. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and Rubinstein's "Romance in E Flat" will occur at once as examples in which the stanzas are unmistakable. To observe how thoroughly Mr. Swinburne's rhyming sense is of the musician's order we need no more than a glance at the forms he adopted for such poems as "The Hymn of Proserpine," "We Have Seen Thee, O Love, Thou art Fair," or, still better, at the Tennyson "Birthday Ode" and Tennyson "Threnody." Here minor and internal rhymes are so used as to heighten the musical values and create the impression of one sound being evolved from and kin to another, which is the essence of melody. As thus:

"Two years *more* than the full four *score* lay hallowing hands on a sacred head,
Scarce one *score* of the perfect *four* uncrowned by fame as they smiled and fled:

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Still and *soft* and alive *aloft* their sunlight stays though the suns be dead."

Rhythmical, rhyming and stanzaic forms followed by Mr. Swinburne sometimes bear rather startling resemblance to forms followed by famous composers. Thus the stanza of the first movement of "By the North Sea,"

"A land that is lonelier than ruin;
A sea that is stranger than death;
Far fields that a rose never blew in,
Wan wastes where the wind lacks breath,"

is very like a stanza in the second movement of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony beginning at the forty-sixth bar. And, in the second movement (Andante) of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, the first twelve bars present a stanza almost identical with the stanza of Swinburne's "Epicede" in memory of James Lorimer Graham:

"Light, and song, and sleep at last—
Struggling hands and suppliant knees
Get no goodlier gift than these.
Song that holds remembrance fast,
Light that lightens death, attend
Round their graves who have to friend
Light, and song, and sleep at last."

These similarities are the more significant because they are merely coincidental, the two artists evidently working along the same lines, each unaware of the other. Tschaikowsky and Swinburne have many characteristics in common; it is worth attention and suggestive of further analogies that, for the expression of profound sorrow, they should have chosen nearly identical forms.

In "Evening on the Broads," the purely musical phase of Mr. Swinburne's genius reached its highest expression; and it may be doubted if there is another poem in the language, or soon likely to be, that will equally endure musical tests. Some of the resources displayed in this truly admirable work seem rather astonishing when first come upon, they reveal so much of masterful design and coolly reasoned purpose. The artistic object of the poem is, first, to create a feeling of the solemn pathetic beauty of the fading sunset and the mood of rather sombre-hued meditation that the sunset may induce. Naturally, a very slow, stately

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tempo is required, and this is secured by the time bar (which is dactyllic), by the long lines, by the use of open vowels and by the expression of grave emotions, but chiefly by the rhythmic structure which involves an extraordinary use of the rest. So entirely musical are design and method in this poem that, without some musical analysis, the truest beauties of the work and much of its significance are certain to be lost.

"Evening on the Broads" is written in hexameters—that is to say, there are six bars in each line; but, to insure a slow tempo, rests and quarter notes are used in a designed system, the last bar of each line usually consisting of a quarter note and an eighth rest. Still further to establish the adagio, the third foot in every other line repeats this figure of a quarter note and an eighth rest, making an arrangement without a precedent in our poetry.

The musical strength of this device can best be seen in this diagram of the opening lines of the poem, the accent, of course, falling upon the first note of each bar:

O - ver two shadowless wa-ters, a- drift as a pinnace in per - il,
Hangs as in heav-y sus- pense, charged with ir- res - o - lute light,
Soft - ly the soul of the sun - set up- hold-en a- while on the ster- ile
Waves and wastes of the land, half re- pos- sessed by the night.

It is the last of these lines that exhibits most clearly the author's intentions towards tempo, and towards shading and emphasis as well; for the eighth rests after "waves" and "land" not only secure the necessary slowness, but produce in a musical way a certain standing out of "waves" and "land," in their strong poetic and figurative import, not less than in the value of their full sound to the current melody. This sound figure is repeatedly used.

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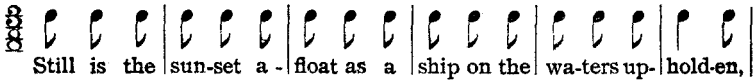
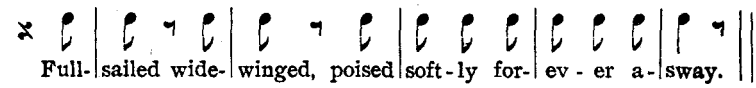
Some of these arrangements are subtile and ingenious, and some are bold. In three or four places in the poem, Mr. Swinburne regards the first two syllables of a line as belonging to the last time bar of the preceding line, where they take the place of the usual rest, and then proceeds on that basis, calmly ignoring the rules of the prosodists in such cases made and provided—a device that only a musicianly mind would think of, and only a courageous mind carry out. The eleventh line is such an instance, given here with the tenth to show the connection:

"Hover the | colors and | clouds of the | sunset | void of a | *star*
As a | bird un- | fledged is the | broad-winged | night whose | winglets
are | *callow.*"

It will be noticed that always the rests are fixed to fall at places where they can be most useful for rhetorical and poetic, as well as musical purposes, as, for example, in the thirty-eighth line, where they have unusual strength. I give the thirty-seventh line also to show the connection of the thought:





This seems to dispose of all the difficulties about this line, and to show how ably the poet has used musical resources for the enforcement of his thought, for the rests bring out the full sounds, and thereby give to the figures a clearness in relief not otherwise obtainable, and supply cumulative shadings in the progress of the melody.

There is not only expert use of rest and time bar, but of phrasing and diminuendo and crescendo, plainly indicated in many lines, as, for example, in these:

"Still there linger the loves of the morning and noon in a vision
Blindly beheld but in vain; ghosts that are tired and would rest."

Here there is crescendo to about the middle of the last phrase, and diminuendo thence to the end.

If we bring to these lines such an experiment as we made on a previous page in search of a tune, we may note that "still,"

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being of no unusual significance, would naturally be spoken in a middle register, but because of the inflection (in the elocutionary sense) it would be lower than the unemphasized word "there." On "linger" the voice falls because of the inflection, and thereafter it rises as far as "morning." "Vision," being an emphatic word, is naturally uttered in falling tones, while "vain" is the close of a phrase, takes a falling inflection and may justly be represented by a chord. A musical score of these lines on the plan previously adopted (bearing in mind always that the notes here are only relative symbols of tones the differences of which are mostly uncharted) would look like this:

Still there linger the loves of the morning and noon in a vis-ion

Blind-ly be-held but in vain; ghosts that are tired and would rest.

Similar analyses of others among Mr. Swinburne's poems would reveal other evidences of command over all the varied potentialities of musical expression. From that full-toned supernal chorus of Spring in the "Atalanta in Calydon," of his youth, to "The Altar of Righteousness," his latest work, he has covered the known field of melodies in poetry. To some of these studies clearly he has been led by Wagner. His own exalted tributes to that great soul do not indicate his close observation of the Wagnerian methods more certainly than the "Two Preludes," where, in incredibly few words, is reproduced the essence of the feelings in the *vorspiels* to "Tristan und Isolde" and "Lohengrin." But the plainest indication of Wagner's influence is in "Tristram of Lyonesse," for there the prelude is founded squarely on the *vorspiel* of the opera, and in the fifth division of the poem appears a *leit motif* used just as Wagner uses it, the continued recurrence at intervals of "the wind" and "the sea."

"And swordlike was the sound of the iron wind,
And as a breaking battle was the sea.

"And as a full field charging was the sea,
And as the cry of slain men was the wind.

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"And all her soul was as the breaking sea,
And all her heart unhungered as the wind.

"And all their past came wailing in the wind,
And all their future thundered in the sea."

The very form (in a large sense) of his poems often shows the musicianly mind, the steady drift towards musical methods. "By the North Sea" is almost a symphony, with its movements of different tempi illustrating different aspects of the same subject, brought to a close by a powerful finale. The first and fourth of these movements even show some recognition of the principles of the sonata form, with their regular recurrence of the thematic phrase, "the sea." "Astrophel," "The Armada," "The Last Oracle" are of symphonic inspiration; the threnodies reveal a master's knowledge of the minor chords in speech-music; "The Litany of Nations," "The Song of the Standard" and many others display full command over sound combinations and rhythmical expedients that produce buoyant and swelling marches; and time would fail me to recount the poems wherein the tonal achievements must always move the student of music to pleasure and sometimes almost to awe. Whatever we shall think of Mr. Swinburne's poetry as a whole, surely in these studies, at least, he has had no fellow.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM, CHARLES JOHNSTON AND OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

BIELSCHOWSKY'S "LIFE OF GOETHE." *

THE publication of the second volume of Mr. William A. Cooper's meritorious translation of Albert Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe,"—which at once took its place as the definitive biography of the poet in Germany on its first appearance in the original, dethroning Lewes's Life from its till then undisputed supremacy in German literature and libraries, public and private,—enables the foreign reader to form a judgment of the nicety and balance of its proportions, the independent impartiality of its statement of facts, and the firm unity of its plan. The portrait of the man and the poet is strikingly consistent in its gradual development within the bounds set by the contradictions of Goethe's life. The strict objectivity which makes German encyclopedias the most reliable, because the most thorough and most unbiased by personal views and theories as distinguished from facts, is a notable feature of this work.

Where this objective honesty of the biographer is of greatest service to the foreign reader, in this second volume, is in the exactitude of his treatment of Goethe's *Deutschtum*, the quality of his patriotism, in an era that, more than any other in the history of the race, should have called it forth, forced it with irresistible impulse to find voice in burning, inspiring strophes. But during the years when all Germany lay under the crushing foot of the first Napoleon, Goethe remained discreetly silent.

* "The Life of Goethe." By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Authorized translation from the German, by William Cooper, A.M. Three volumes. Vol. II: From the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation, 1788-1815. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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It is a curious fact that, whereas the poet has always been considered and honored by the world at large as the supreme embodiment of the Germanic spirit, the Germans themselves are far less enthusiastic over the quality of his Germanism—look upon it, indeed, with considerable doubt. The explanation is not far to seek: to foreigners the poet of "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Hermann und Dorothea" and "Faust" must seem the supreme incarnation of the spirit of his race. They know but little of his life and career apart from his literary activities (his susceptibility to the influence of the *Ewig Weibliche* always excepted), and take less thought of inquiring. The fact is, however, that, notwithstanding the depth, significance and influence of Goethe's historical *Deutschtum* as seen in "Goetz" and "Faust," notwithstanding an occasional expression of feeling in private talk and correspondence, his love of country, his living, contemporary patriotism, did not, in the days of his country's deepest humiliation, force his genius to inspired utterance. Such pain, indignation and aspiration as he may have experienced apparently were not of compelling power. No poem of encouragement and hope, no battle-song, no pæan of triumph rushed impetuously from his pen in the days of shame and liberation.

The German feels this grievous lack in the life of this genius of his race as a flaw in the marble of his grandeur.

Bielschowsky's explanation is that the poet was also a statesman, and at that a particularist statesman trained in the school of diplomacy of a divided, hopelessly discordant seventeenth-century Germany. Charged with the political well-being of Weimar in a period of constant danger, when its continued existence and that of its duke, who was his warm friend, admirer and patron, depended upon the good-will of an arbitrary tyrant given to radical measures when offended, Goethe's duty forbade him to imperil all by voicing the feelings of his race. This consideration obliged him to remain to outward appearances the faithful friend of Napoleon, a Weimarian, or, to adapt a term of current English politics, a "Little German." In addition to this, Bielschowsky points out, Goethe was unquestionably influenced by fear of the preponderance of Prussia or Austria in the Empire, and preferred French domination to this alternative.

The shortness as well as the narrowness of Goethe's view as a statesman had been demonstrated ere this by his total lack of

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understanding of the world-wide significance of the French Revolution. He approved of it in its beginnings as justified by the misgovernment of country and people by the king and his nobles, but held that, after this unmistakable warning, they should have been allowed to continue in power, that they might have established that paternal "benevolent despotism" which had become the theory of government of Frederick the Great and George III, and in which he himself so thoroughly believed. The excesses of the Reign of Terror revolted him, as they alienated other early sympathizers, but, apart from that, his plays dealing with the Revolution demonstrate that not an inkling of the universal meaning of the mighty movement penetrated his mind, after one passing flash of insight at the battle of Valmy.

This second volume covers the period of the maturity of Goethe's literary genius, of his aging as a man (witness the disillusion of his second visit to Italy), and of that majestic aloofness which, no doubt unconscious, set him apart among his peers, alone, but, one is inclined to believe, only rarely aware of loneliness. "He manifests his existence graciously," wrote Schiller to Koerner, "but only as a god, without giving himself. This seems to me a consistent, well-planned way of conducting himself, calculated solely to procure the highest enjoyment of self-love." But this was before the days when Schiller succeeded, by determination based on enthusiastic admiration, to break through the barrier, and establish the intimacy which stands alone in the history of letters. Caroline Herder said: "Goethe refuses absolutely to be anything to his friends any more," and wrote, after a social gathering at his house, "we all felt extremely uncomfortable." The Prussian von Schuckmann, on the other hand, whose enlightening analysis of this baffling personality is quoted at length, held "that it is hard to get very close to him is not the fault of his will, but of his idiosyncrasy, and the difficulty of expressing in words his ideas and feelings exactly as they exist in his soul. Until he knows that one divines and feels his meaning, and sees into his soul through every opening that he gives, he cannot speak." This bit of psychology suggests the sensitiveness which in its dread of uncongenial contact instinctively and without conscious volition assumes the defensive armor that looks so deceptively like haughtiness, and the suggestion finds confirmation in Goethe's distress over the indifference and worse with

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which his scientific writings were received, and in the somewhat small spirit wherewith he set about punishing his literary detractors, pygmies whom he could well have afforded to ignore. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Goethe was a thorough man of the world. It is most likely, on the whole, that he was bored by the inferior minds about him, and refused to be dragged down from the heights where his vast intellect dwelt.

A large part of this second volume is of necessity devoted to an analysis of the work produced by the poet during this period. "Iphigenie," the four dramas suggested rather than inspired by the French Revolution, "Tasso," "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," "Hermann und Dorothea," "Die Wahlverwantschaften" and "Pandora" are each discussed in a separate chapter of sound literary exposition and criticism, the influences of Goethe's life at the moment of their writing being in each case traced. These literary interpretations are not the least of the merits of this model biography, for, as Bielschowsky points out in his comparison of Goethe's genius with Schiller's, the general reader of Goethe needs an interpreter's aid:

> Goethe owes the best of his treasures to intuition, to sudden flashes of inspiration. He has the conclusion first and finds it difficult to show the premises upon which the conclusion rests. Hence in his motivation he is often obscure and one-sided. Schiller discovers his gems of thought along the way of logical conclusions. Hence it is possible for him always to be clear. Through the clearness of his thoughts and presentations, which is most beautifully accompanied by idealistic enthusiasm, Schiller has become the instructor, the educator, the preacher, of the nation; through his deep, penetrating vision Goethe has become the nation's seer and prophet. Schiller is within the range of every one's comprehension, he attracts every one, and carries every one away with him; Goethe attracts only the delicately responsive, and only the initiated can wholly understand him. He needs interpreters. Only when these have performed their work for centuries will Goethe enjoy the popularity which Schiller has always enjoyed.

Among these interpreters Bielschowsky takes a unique place, because he proves himself as intelligible and informing to non-German as to German readers. The publication of the first part of "Faust" falls within the period dealt with in the present volume. Its interpretation, reserved for the completion of the drama in Goethe's old age, in the concluding part of the biography, has, unfortunately, remained fragmentary, owing to Bielschowsky's

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untimely death. Thus the work lacks the supreme test of the biographer as interpreter, not only of the main drama of the struggle between good and evil, but of its intricate philosophies, ethics and religion, its bewilderingly elaborate and complicated body of allegory, its meaning as a picture of the Germanic transition from mediæval formalism in church and state to modern individualism, its striking prophecies already come true,—a whole world of speculation, thought and criticism of life, marred in form as in unity by the long periods that were allowed to elapse between the writing of its successive parts, but an immortal master work none the less. In this respect this "Life of Goethe" remains incomplete, but in all else it is a masterly production. Crowning merit of a notable achievement, the biography, with all its scholarly thoroughness, is yet even better adapted to the needs of the general public for which it has been primarily written than to those of the special student.

A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM.

"PERSIA, PAST AND PRESENT." *

THERE are many books of travel which manage to give us vivid and entertaining pictures of far-away lands, to conjure up before us, so far as may be, the sunlit cities of the East, or the white wastes of polar lands, or forests primeval and savage tribes. There are, for every thousand books of this class, one or two which do much more. They awaken in us a quiet and almost unconscious sympathy toward the traveller whom we are invited to accompany. Almost without knowing it, we find ourselves sharing his delights or disappointments, dreaming with his reveries, looking at men and things as he does, becoming tinged with his philosophy of life. To this rare and precious class belong such books as Waterton's "Wanderings in South America"; Alfred Russel Wallace's books on the East Indies and the Amazon; Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia"; James Bryce's "South Africa."

Some of the best books of this small and delightful class have been written by Englishmen who, finding themselves with time and opportunity, have set out for some land long dreamed of,

* "Persia, Past and Present." By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co.

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drawn by sheer love, and without any interested motive. They have at once the vigor and daring that stir them to difficult enterprises, the leisurely self-possession of mind and heart that allows them to take delight in their journeyings, and the unconsciousness of themselves which is indispensable to our enjoyment of their company. In a word, whatever be their other qualities and talents, they must have a certain vigor, with gentleness and good manners, if they are to achieve the kind of success we have in view.

Professor Jackson's "Persia, Past and Present" has good claims to be admitted to this rare and delightful class of books. It has enduring value. It has scientific power. It has historical interest and, what is rarer, the feeling for what is genuinely interesting in history. It has a sense of the humanity of life, the poetry, the mysticism. It has a pleasant literary atmosphere, now calling to mind a chorus of Æschylus, now some pretty picture from Chaucer, now a Persian love-song. And, as the string to bind these good things together, it has the charm of an engaging personality.

This journey to Persia was made by way of Russia and the Caucasus, and we have some interesting pictures of the land of Elbruz and Ararat, even though Professor Jackson did not emulate Mr. Bryce's feat in finding and bringing home a piece of the ark from that huge, lonely mountain. We are taken through Tiflis, the old capital of the Kingdom of Georgia, which still bears the golden fleece of Jason on its escutcheon. And from Tiflis we pass south, toward the frontier, the mountain land which has been the scene of so much wild fighting since the dawn of time. Professor Jackson reached the River Araxes, where Russia and Persia meet, about the middle of March, when the high mountain roads were still deep in snow, and through the snow his camels plodded and plunged. We are told, and it is a charming little touch, that the camel-bells say "dong-dong," and not "ding-dong," and we fancy that we hear them, in the wastes of Erivan. At the Araxes, Mr. Jackson had to part with his guide Rustom and his revolver; and he seemingly rode off cheerily on his camel, into a wilderness of cut-throats and bandits, armed with nothing more formidable than a fountain pen. It takes a good deal of courage to do a thing like that; and not every writer could remain so unconscious of it.

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For the most part, Professor Jackson stuck to the western provinces of the Shah's dominions, the hill country that rises in terraces from the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, and the Persian Gulf. In that mountain region, he moved from one place of pilgrimage to another, evoking the wraiths of bygone ages and heroes. First came Lake Urumiah, not very far from the southern frontier of Russia; and here Professor Jackson followed the footsteps of the sage Zoroaster, one of "the line of prophets that have been since the world began." Those who know Professor Jackson's former book will remember that he fixes the birth of the prophet of Iran about the year 660 B.C., just seventeen years before the birth of Siddhartha the Compassionate, known to the world as Gautama Buddha. To this context belongs one of the most interesting quotations in the volume under review, a passage from the Apocryphal Gospel of Infancy:

"1. And it came to pass, when the Lord Jesus was born at Bethlehem, a city of Judea, in the time of Herod the King, the wise men came from the East to Jerusalem, according to the prophecy of Zoroaster (Zoradascht), and brought with them offerings: namely, gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and worshipped him, and offered to him their gifts. 2. Then the Lady Mary took one of his swaddling-clothes in which the infant was wrapped, and gave it to them instead of a blessing, which they received from her as a most noble present. 3. And at the same time there appeared to them an angel in the form of that star which had before been their guide in their journey; the light of which they followed till they returned to their own country" (p. 103).

From Urumiah of Zoroastrian memories, our traveller made his way southward through the mountains to Hamadan, the Ecbatana of the Greeks. Here he retraced the long centuries, from the dim days of Semiramis, of Sardanapalus, of Alexander the Great, through the later times of the Parthian and Sassanian rulers of Persia, until the Arab invasion in the seventh century of our era finally made Persia a Moslem land. Hamadan was a stage on the journey to Kermanshah; and twenty miles from this latter city Professor Jackson accomplished the greatest feat of his journey, the thorough study of the cuneiform inscriptions, carved on the cliff of the huge peak of Behistun, recording the exploits of Darius the king. The London "Spectator" does well to give Professor Jackson high credit for this achievement,

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in a sentence which contains a quaint mistake: "No less arresting is his account of the Behistun carvings, and of his bold climb up the rock face to study the tablets. He is the only European who has stood upon these perilous ledges since Sir Henry Rawlinson made his famous ascent." I am credibly informed that this European was born in New York.

The traveller's route took him still to the southward, through Ispahan, to the tomb of Cyrus and the ruins of Persepolis, in the mountains that rise up in terraces from the Persian Gulf. There was an expedition to Shiraz, the shrine of Persian poetry; another to Yezd, where the Zoroastrian faith still dwells in Iran; and then the traveller turned his face toward Teheran and the north. We finally take leave of him on the southern shore of the Caspian, under the shadow of the vast snowy cone of Damavand.

So with wisdom and charm we are carried through the ages, and made to behold again one of the sacred lands. Its whole life grows before the inner eyes, as the magic scroll is unrolled through century after century, and we realize that our author has written an exceptional book, with exceptional excellence.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"ALICE-FOR-SHORT." *

IT will be possible for a great many of Mr. de Morgan's agreeably stimulated readers to read one or both of his excellent novels without discovering their most astonishing characteristic: the really frivolous lightness, that is to say, with which this whimsical artist has regarded life. Such an anxious age is ours that the dullest hack-writer has not failed to gather from his masters an aching sense of the tragic seriousness of things. Survivor of a more unconcerned era, smilingly unaware of his own frivolity, the author of "Alice-for-Short" and of "Joseph Vance" remains alone, at his safe and polite distance, a leisurely and accomplished observer of manners—of certain kinds of manners. It is safe to say that it has never occurred to him to devote dark nights to grim-intentioned studies of humankind, or feverish dawns to the record of his discoveries. He is, rather, of the unconscious artists; of

* "Alice-for-Short." By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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those whose tolerant passivity feeds a desultory artistic sense with miscellaneous impressions, merely. Crime and disaster and disease have not appalled him, but these are comfortably regarded as tools of the trade, as furtherers of Plot. Mr. de Morgan's reliable and unterrifying ghosts, like his favorite characters' narrow escapes from death, leave the reader's nervous system as free from shock as the author's obviously is. When he is not exercising his distinguishing genius for extracting humor from what he would himself perhaps call the Unpleasant, he is obscuring it by a decent, impenetrable gloss. The most sensitive and ladylike reader can candidly say at the end that she has been reading a "pretty story."

Certainly it is neither for the intimate realities of his picture, for it is devoid of them, nor for his romance, which is extraordinarily tame—Mr. de Morgan remains an inveterate sentimentalist—that we all, ingenuous and fault-finding alike, find so much enjoyment in "Alice-for-Short." And the enjoyment is legitimate, it requires no apology. A delicate sense of words and a confident and unstinted fashion of using them are not common gifts; nor is the art of commenting, with unforced, unfailing humor, on the little, usual things of life. We may have no interest whatever in the entirely incidental Partridge, the housekeeper, but we delight in learning that she

> "waded through her prose epic—which she prolongs as much as possible from the feeling (shared by almost all of us, perhaps) that any circumstantial narrative of events apologizes for the share we have had in them." A similar joy is derived from Mrs. Twills, "whose attitude, so far as it could be understood, seemed to be that of premature resentment against assumed allegations of interference on her part. . . . She left an impression of having censured the human race for a vice of interposition that she was nobly exempt from. She can hardly be said to have spoken on the subject. She withdrew after producing an effect of having done so, and went up-stairs with a pail."

In short, Mr. de Morgan is irresistible when he is playful; but his playfulness has no connection whatever with the not too singular and absorbing fortunes of that very pleasant young woman, Alicia Kavanagh—Alice-for-Short. Just as in "Joseph Vance," it is the delicious irregularities and irrelevancies that cajole the reader and reconcile him to much that is tedious and much that is trivial and, in this case, to a strangely cumbrous plot. If the average novel-reader had not developed a strong, self-protective

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instinct, if he did not know when alertly to dodge and skip, and when weakly to lay his head on his pillow, he would faint with exhaustion before he had followed this intricate and far-spreading story to its multiple ends; an ungrateful confession when an author has been at such elaborate pains to allure and mystify.

It would be a fantastic and unnecessary exercise to compare two books of such essential similarity as "Alice-for-Short" and "Joseph Vance." Its author's talent appears not to be variable or versatile; it is like that of a good conversationalist, whose stories never fail of applause partly for the very reason that they are so much alike. There is no occasion for taking the novelist's agreeable characters more seriously than he has himself, or for subjecting them to any shattering analysis. If his characters ever undergo the exhausting emotions and states of mind that plenty of other writers describe for us, this novelist has considered suppression the part of good taste and the reader can only acquiesce. Of such a burden as an abstract theme both novels are of course entirely innocent. Alice, like Joseph, is rescued from squalor and brought up in an irreproachable family. But while it is perfectly plain from the start that she is to marry her rescuer, it is the weakness of Mr. de Morgan's method that this happy climax, the single climax of the story, appears to be deferred for a great many pages indeed. It is not his artless and hesitating lovers, but his unconventional characters, his Mr. Jerrythoughts and Mrs. Kavanaghs, of whom the author, in spite of his conventional predilections, displays the most adroit and satisfactory grasp. Nothing could be more admirable than the first few chapters of this story, leading up to the tragedy that disposes of the unworthy Kavanagh parents. But Mr. de Morgan has the audacity to treat the tragedy as comedy, and it is masterly in every word. If the rest of the book were as good, "Alice-for-Short" would be a permanent work of genius, just as "Joseph Vance" would have been a masterpiece if Christopher Vance could have been made the hero. One would delight to quote pages from both books, pages that merely celebrate the idiosyncrasies of drunken and disreputable persons whose lives scarcely affect the entirely respectable narrative. It was said of Mrs. Kavanagh, for instance, that there were

> "special opportunities that she cherished of affirming her normal self-restraint by a parade of their exceptional character. Breakfast, dinner and supper yielded the luxury of a clear conscience, coupled with the

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public exhibition of the rum-bottle; and as she sat watching her husband correcting the shortcomings of Alice's piece of bread-and-butter, her mind was gradually approaching a bottle of rum in the corner cupboard, whose door stood suggestively on the jar, almost within reach of her hand.

"To broach a topic of this sort, you affect faintness, smile in a sickly way, and sigh as one accustomed to conceal suffering. By doing so, you provoke inquiry, and procure a fulcrum. In response to her husband's 'Why don't you take your supper?' Goody Peppermint, who had done all these things with a view to this question, replied, 'No airpetite!' She emphasized this by laying her hand across the outside of her interior, on which her husband began a groan, and cut it off short in the middle."

This reliance upon drunkenness to furnish his comic material is among Mr. de Morgan's heritages from a lighter-minded epoch; but for his curious moral fastidiousness there must be some other origin. To any form of weakness he stoops with indulgent grace; but characters of deliberately malign intent—such as persons experienced in the business of story-writing declare it is occasionally necessary to introduce—he feels constrained to handle with his longest rhetorical tongs. He even isolates them, so far as possible, lest the other characters suffer contagion, and when they have performed the evil assigned them he gets them out of the story and into their graves with all possible despatch. That deceitful and immoral person, Lavinia Straker, is continually tagged by the author's whimsical apologies for introducing her at all. She is not allowed in the same drawing-room, so to speak, with the excellent group who represent safe moral standards; and a knowledge of her peccadilloes is decently imparted at second hand. This may not be the method of great literature; but it is undoubtedly Mr. de Morgan's privilege to be as moral as he pleases.

After all, the truth about such a book as "Alice-for-Short" may be said in a sentence. It is in great qualities that it is deficient—and how often may great qualities be found? And it is in the lesser, but not negligible ones—in wise comment, deft workmanship, in humor, fancifulness and charm—that it is satisfyingly replete.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON; ST. PETERSBURG; BERLIN; WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *September, 1907.*

THE United Kingdom is face to face with the possibility of a railway strike. I do not know, I do not think anybody knows, whether it is more than a possibility. The members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants are, as I write, voting on the question. The ballots are returnable on October 28th, and a majority of those who vote have to declare for a strike before a strike can take place. But, even assuming that the requisite majority is forthcoming, the last word will not necessarily have been said. There will still be room for further and final negotiations before the irretrievable step is taken. The prospect, however, is felt to be so far from reassuring that the market values of British railway stocks have depreciated in the last fortnight by over $50,000,000; directors are cutting short their holidays and returning home; the companies are hastily training pointsmen and signalmen; and the Amalgamated Society is straining every nerve to enroll new members, so as to present, if the struggle comes, as broad and solid a front as possible.

The central and determinating question at issue is the familiar one of the recognition or the non-recognition of the employees' trade-union. In the railway service of the United Kingdom some 600,000 men are employed. Of these about 220,000 are engaged in the actual manipulation of traffic. They are split up into various trades-unions. The enginemen and firemen have a union of their own, with over 18,000 members. So have the clerks, the pointsmen, and the car-men. But the largest, most powerful and most representative union of them all is the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, with a reputed membership of 97,000. It has been in existence thirty-five years; it includes among its

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members representatives of all employees who are concerned in the movement of trains and engines, and its general secretary and guiding spirit is Mr. Richard Bell, one of the Labor M.P.'s and a most capable, experienced and fair-minded official. It is under Mr. Bell's auspices that the demands of the railway employees have been formulated, and it is on him that the responsibility for their enforcement will mainly fall. Those demands were embodied in a manifesto that was adopted at a conference of railway men in November, 1906. They consisted of an eight-hour day for drivers, firemen, guards, shunters, signalmen and motormen; a ten-hour day for all other workmen except plate-layers; a nine hours' rest between calls for all employees; increased pay for working overtime and on Sundays; and an immediate advance of two shillings a week in the country and three shillings a week in the London districts for all who do not receive an eight-hour day. It has been estimated, but with what approach to accuracy I cannot say, that these demands would add $35,000,000 a year to the working expenses of the British railway system. Even as it is, the English railways are hard put to it to make both ends meet. Their dividends have shown on the whole a steady decrease for nearly twenty years, and, as investments, they have fallen from their old popularity almost as lamentably as consols. But it was not for financial reasons alone that the railway companies, with one exception, refused to entertain the men's demands. The employees also asked for the recognition of the Amalgamated Society as the medium of negotiation with the companies. This is the demand which has become the pivot of the whole dispute.

The companies' case is that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, on its own showing, represents less than half of those who are eligible for membership and less than a sixth of the total number of railway employees; that the uniform policy of conferring with the men direct whenever occasion arises has worked to the satisfaction of both employers and employed; and that the companies could not, in any case, bind themselves to deal exclusively through a Society which commands the allegiance of considerably less than fifty per cent. of those who are qualified to belong to it. To do so would be an act of injustice towards the far greater number of employees who have declined to join the Society; it would entail the logical obligation of recognizing other and even smaller unions as well; and it would impose upon all

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non-unionists the practical necessity of enrolling themselves for their better protection in the Society. This, declare the companies, is the result really aimed at by the present agitation. The Amalgamated Society asks the companies to apply a moral and material compulsion to those who have resisted its enticements by recognizing it as the sole channel of negotiation between masters and men. And this cool request is made on the open understanding that, if it is acceded to, the power of the employees for preferring complaints, enforcing demands and interfering with the direction, not to speak of the profits, of the companies will inevitably undergo a vast expansion. And, apart altogether from this, the companies insist that their position is very different from that of a private trader. A cotton-spinner is under no statutory obligations; he can close his factory, or run it on half-time or raise the price of his commodity. But a railway company operates under the most stringent regulations imposed by the Board of Trade; it has to justify any change in its freight charges before a Government department; and its responsibility to the public is so wide and constant and its connection with the trade and prosperity of the country so intimate, that it would be little short of a national danger if its workings, discipline and effective control were to be subjected to the dictation of any third party.

To these arguments the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants replies that its strength is not to be estimated by numbers alone, that it is most powerful in the great centres of trade and transportation where any disturbance would be felt throughout every corner of the Kingdom, and that its control of at least half the signalmen, who cannot be replaced at short notice, gives it an effective force out of all proportion to its strength on paper. It disclaims any desire to dictate to the companies or to participate in the supreme control of their undertakings. It merely asks to act as spokesman and negotiator for the employees when need arises. It denies the contention of the companies that the employees are themselves capable of stating their case in the most effective form or that they possess the requisite knowledge for conducting intricate negotiations. It points out that the North-eastern Railway Company recognized the Society ten years ago, and that, although considerable concessions in regard to both wages and hours of labor have followed that recognition, the dividends paid by the company have not fallen but have positively

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risen. Furthermore, it reminds the public that the Postmaster-General has conceded the very principle against which the railway directors are fighting, and after a year's experience has found no reason whatever to repent his action.

Such are some of the principal arguments that are being bandied from side to side. They involve, it will be seen, grave questions of principle; and the public has found them absorbing, and the press is debating them with a more than British amplitude. It remains to add that there are considerable doubts as to whether the non-unionists in the railway service will obey the call of the Society if a strike is decided upon; that the men's fears of losing their pensions is a great deterrent; that Mr. Bell is acting with his customary moderation; that the more highly skilled branches of railway employment, the engine-drivers and firemen particularly, are inclined to hold aloof from the Society's agitation and to criticise its conduct somewhat sharply; that all previous strikes in the history of British railways have resulted in overwhelming victories for the companies; and that the Society has only a little over $1,500,000 of accumulated funds of its own to fall back upon. These are strong arguments against a strike in the immediate future, although it is certain that the Society has it within its power to bring the railway system of the country to a temporary standstill or at least to inflict an immense amount of loss and inconvenience upon shareholders, shippers and passengers alike. On the other hand, no one who observes with any closeness the trend of economic tendencies can doubt that trade-unionism must eventually make its way into the railway business, as it already has into cotton, ship-building and mining. Meanwhile the companies seem to feel themselves strong enough to refuse to recognize the union, though they may agree to a conference without prejudice; and the signs are few that the men have either the organization or the resources or the public sympathy or the determination to carry through a general strike to a successful issue.

The interval between the adjournment of Parliament and the opening of what is called the "autumn campaign"—that wholesome custom which sends almost every English politician to his constituency, there to hold forth on the questions of the day—marks a period of utter stagnation in domestic politics. But the public mind this year has not been without its distractions. It

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has had the railway crisis and the performances of the "Lusitania" to occupy it at home; and abroad, two events, one of them highly satisfactory, the other altogether the reverse, have claimed its notice. The event from which nobody can extract any pleasure is, of course, the attack upon the Japanese settlers in British Columbia. Public opinion in England should have been, but was not, prepared for it. Only the few who were acquainted with local conditions foresaw its inevitability. On the mass of the people it fell with every circumstance of surprise and humiliation. The memory of the somewhat self-righteous attitude assumed by Englishmen towards the agitation in San Francisco did nothing to soften the blow, while the fact of the Anglo-Japanese alliance lent it an added force. Englishmen have tried, indeed, to make the most of the fact that the Vancouver disorders were the work of American agitators; but, in their less exculpatory moments, they realize perfectly well that the conditions in British Columbia are essentially the same as those in California, and that the anti-Asiatic prejudice is as indigenous in the one community as in the other. In both districts, the dislike of the whites for people of any other color, their dread of being degraded to the economic level of their thrifty and unsparing competitors, the monopolizing spirit of a trade-unionism that is more or less infected with the doctrines of Socialism, the resolve to keep the country white, and the temptation of the politicians to always play to the gallery, are the operative causes. On both sides of the boundary-line the capitalists desire Asiatic labor, and its restriction would be an undoubted check on material development. In British Columbia, as in California, there is an enormous amount of work waiting to be done and a chronic shortage of men to do it. It is against the immediate interests of both the Province and the State to prohibit the immigration of Asiatics. It is against their ultimate interests to allow Asiatics to come in in such numbers as to threaten to undermine the white man's well-being. The wisest policy, both for California and British Columbia, would be to permit the advent of a limited number of Asiatics each year until such time as their waste lands were filled up with white immigrants and the foundations of an English-speaking community had been well and truly laid. But, so long as the local trade-unions object not merely to the influx of Asiatics but to any immigrants at all, there is not much chance of this policy being adopted. The alliance with

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Japan will, no doubt, facilitate the temporary settlement of the difficulty in British Columbia; but the time is clearly coming when the whole question of Asiatic immigration into English-speaking countries will have to be taken up. The United States and the British Empire are in very much the same predicament; so, too, are China and Japan. A conference of these four Powers may in the long run become a necessity, if the problem is to be put in a fair and harmonious way of solution.

The other foreign event of the month in which England is concerned is of a far pleasanter character—the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Agreement. The terms of the compact have not at the time of writing been published; but the disposition of Englishmen to welcome the bare fact that an understanding has been reached is very marked. There is a general recognition that the precise provisions are of less moment than the spirit of confidence and good sense which has enabled two such inveterate rivals to accommodate their interests in Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet and along the Indian frontier. The only people in England who do not welcome this development are the extreme Radicals, who argue that any arrangement with Russia at this moment strengthens the Tsar's Government and the autocratic system, and correspondingly weakens the forces that are making for liberation and freedom. But the country pays little attention to them. It is unaffectedly pleased that a competition which benefited neither Power and was productive of many disturbing incidents should at length be closed. It is quite prepared to sacrifice something in return for a convention that will lift the nightmare of a possible Russian invasion of India. Moreover, there are European reasons for rejoicing over the prospect of a *rapprochement* between the British and Russian Governments. Great Britain, as I have before pointed out, has never quite understood an *entente* with France that left the ally of France out in the cold. Great Britain, moreover, has had reason to learn within the past year or two that it is not a British interest, but the very reverse, that Russia should remain impotent for the purposes of European policy. The Moroccan imbroglio would have been impossible if Russia had been able to undertake the responsibilities assigned to her by the Dual Alliance. It is not the least gratifying feature of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, in English eyes, that it marks a long step towards the readjustment of the European balance of power.

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ST. PETERSBURG, *September, 1907.*

"HE is a man of Destiny," the Tsar's subjects have often exclaimed, as the tidings of this or that mishap that threatened his life reached their ears. They sometimes call to mind his terrible experience as a lad of twenty-three—when, travelling from the Caucasus to St. Petersburg with his parents and nearest relatives, the whole train was smashed to pieces and the Imperial family, with a few others, were saved as by a miracle. Nicholas's first journey abroad offered another text for an impressive sermon by the superstitious. On a May day in 1891, in the Japanese city of Otsu, a fanatic policeman, Sanzo Tsuda, suddenly struck the Russian Crown-Prince Nicholas on the head with his sabre, and was about to repeat the blow when he was himself knocked down by Prince George of Greece, and the danger averted. "Truly the Crown Prince is in the hands of Fate," his Russians said. In January, 1905, another amazing instance caused the tongues of the superstitious to wag, and confirmed men's belief that the supreme controlling Force in the great Beyond, especially interested in Russia, has ceded the threads of the Tsar's life to no secondary causes. While crowds of pious Russians were standing on the left bank of the ice-bound Neva, watching the Archbishop solemnly bless the waters that flowed black through the great hole in the ice, and while, outside the Winter Palace, the diplomatic corps and notabilities of the Empire were assembled in all their finery, one of the guns that were firing salutes from the fortress opposite was loaded, and some of the projectiles entered the palace and others fell at the feet of the Tsar and his relatives. But he was unhurt.

And now comes a fresh escape from a mysterious peril. The yacht "Standart," in which the members of the Imperial family were cruising, struck a rock in Finnish waters. Nay, it struck several submarine rocks and had to be temporarily handed over to the Baltic Salvage Company, which, if the weather keeps fine, may save it and receive some eight or nine hundred thousand dollars for their pains. The mishap took place in one of the many dangerous channels near Hangö, where there is a veritable archipelago of islands and islets, and where sand-banks and submarine rocks are so numerous that even passenger-steamers of light draught are strictly forbidden to enter them. Yet the Tsar's yacht "Standart," which draws three times more water

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than those passenger-boats, steamed rapidly through in charge of one of the most experienced pilots in Finland, Blumquist. Fourteen knots an hour was her speed in a place where there are sand-banks and rocks at a depth of thirty, twenty and even fifteen feet! All of a sudden, a tremendous shock was felt on board, the vessel heeled over at an angle of twenty-four degrees, the gurgling of waters was heard rushing into the engine-rooms and the yacht stuck fast. The force of the impact was so great that the top of the rock was knocked off, the vessel was damaged in many places. Had a fresh wind been blowing, as is often the case at this time of year, the Tsar's yacht must have been a total wreck and the danger to the members of the Imperial family would have been grave. When the Tsar cruises, many precautions are taken. A reserve yacht accompanies him and whenever he anchors in Russian waters a little fleet surrounds his ship. But, strange to say, in this case, the reserve yacht, "Alexandria," lagged several hours behind and not one of the other vessels was at hand. In a word, the occurrence is wrapped in mystery.

The principal press organ of the Monarchist party has recently offered an explanation. There was no accident at all near Hangö, it affirms, but a deliberate attempt to perpetrate a dastardly crime. A fiendish plot was conceived to make away with the whole Imperial family at one fell stroke, and Providence alone thwarted the infamous designs of the criminals, who were doubtless Finns. This is a typical example of the light-heartedness with which the most damning accusations are launched against innocent persons without even a *prima facie* case to rely upon. In truth this Finnish plot theory does not tally with the leading facts. It is true that the Finnish pilot, who now pleads that the submarine rock was not marked in Russian charts, ought not to have taken the yacht into that dangerous channel without fully warning the Russian officer in command. But, if he was to blame for this, the Russian commander, Niloff, is also to blame for steaming at fourteen knots an hour in the channels of an archipelago which, everybody knew, abounds in rocks and sand-banks. The unsafe character of the "skerries" is a matter of common knowledge. About fourteen years ago, a cautious Russian admiral sailing in that very place was extremely anxious to reach Hangö with the greatest possible speed. Yet he would not move more rapidly than four knots an hour. And, even so, his ship was preceded by an

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ordinary steamer which took soundings every few minutes. At last the admiral, seeing that he was running serious risks, wisely returned and took the train to Hangö. That was fourteen years ago. Radical changes have taken place in the Tsardom since then—changes the full significance of which are not yet realized.

If no criminal design can be imputed to the people to whom the life of the Tsar was entrusted, it will not be easy to acquit them all of that optimistic carelessness which seems to be an essential ingredient of the temperament of almost every Russian. Take the pilot, for instance. He pleads that the rock on which the yacht struck was not marked on the charts. True. But then the channel was reputed to be dangerous, and he was bound to steer clear of it. So dangerous was it, in fact, that, if the rock had been avoided, there was still a sand-bank in reserve on which the vessel must have inevitably run aground. And of these dangers the chart-makers had no inkling. Probably the channel had never been sounded.

Until the imperial commissioners have cleared up the occurrence, one would do well to eliminate altogether the theory of a plot. Not that there is any lack of criminals in Russia, or of would-be regicides among them. On the contrary, their name is legion, their deeds are historical and their fanaticism is stronger than death. Readers of Russian newspapers are familiar with the daily columns devoted to brief reports of political murders, fires and robberies. But their senses are blunted and these misdeeds no longer make clear-cut impressions. A physician, whose name is somewhat difficult to pronounce, Dr. Shbankoff, has made the entries, ascertained the totals and published what may be termed the balance-sheet of the revolution. Between February, 1905, and last June, he tells us, the victims of "epidemic bloodthirstiness" numbered 42,229, including murdered, executed and wounded. Of these, 19,144 were put to death without any formalities, mainly by anarchists, 2,381 were executed in virtue of a sentence pronounced by terrorist tribunals or Government courts, and 20,704 were wounded. The outbursts of revolutionary fury were especially violent in the Caucasus and the Baltic Provinces, which supplied a much larger proportion of victims than any other province of Russia. The bulk of the sufferers there, and indeed everywhere else, were members of the lower orders. But the representatives of authority and of capital numbered no less than

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8,203 individuals. Soldiers and police, being especially obnoxious to the anarchists and therefore shot at sight in many districts, lost 3,158 men. Of prison officials there were 112 victims—a smaller contingent than was supplied by the higher authorities, of whom 148 suffered for their convictions or their position. Among these were four Cabinet Ministers, and members of the Council of the Empire, and 83 Governors-General, Governors, Vice-Governors and Generals.

Only the victims of "epidemic bloodthirstiness" are enumerated and classified by Dr. Shbankoff. Of the other categories he took no notice. Yet they, too, deserve passing mention, for their fate throws light on the revolutionary movement. Take incendiarism, for instance. Tens of thousands of people have been burned out of house and home, and turned adrift on the streets or the steppes to begin life anew—and, for the most part, wantonly. Moreover, together with the dwellings, very often granaries of corn, stacks of hay and straw—in a word, all the harvest—perished in the flames.

It is heartrending to read of this wanton and utter destruction of the fruits of labor, and to picture to oneself the feelings of the wretched creatures who, without a roof to their heads, are thrown back to the lowest social depths, there to begin the life-struggle anew.

And yet, it is easy to exaggerate the relative number of crimes against person and property committed every year in Russia. Many a resident in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kieff and Odessa never notices any of the symptoms of unrest which are daily described in the local journals. The country is so vast that, numerous though they are, these terroristic acts pass unperceived by many. Foreigners residing in St. Petersburg have often laughed at the fears for their safety evinced by their friends and relations in the United States or England.

Meanwhile, the elections are going on—elections which may, perhaps, change the face of Russia. The Government telegraphic agency daily publishes the results *urbi et orbi*, but nobody is able to understand them. The terms chosen are cloudy and misleading, so that the "moderate candidate" of the hustings may turn out to be a revolutionary deputy in the Duma. Russian readers are therefore content to watch and wait for what the future may bring.

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BERLIN.

THE International Socialist Congress, the seventh of its name and kind, recently concluded its sittings at Stuttgart. Germany had with some hesitation been selected by the Socialists as the scene of this year's meeting, and the Württemberg government, under whose reluctant patronage the Congress was held, endured the demonstration which it would have been contrary to its reputation for liberalism to prohibit. As is all too often the case upon occasions of this kind, the results of the Congress seem entirely disproportionate to the labor expended. The elaborate resolutions, which were intended to summarize the proceedings and to furnish rules of conduct for Social Democracy throughout the world, are likely to prove as innocuous as they are long. They repay study, but they make no practical contribution to the sum of human consciousness, and no one entertains less illusions with regard to the possibility of revolution by resolution than the Social Democrats themselves. Exceptionally representative as the Congress has been of Socialist mankind from China to Peru, the absence of any fundamental agreement, nay, even of elementary harmony, has been equally notable. Indeed, the more nearly the Congress promised to approach the ideal of the internationalist millennium, the more narrowly it threatened to defeat its own object.

In the more material aspects of its activity the Congress has been equally unsuccessful. The question of militarism, for example, was debated to the point of exhaustion; and yet the sole tangible result was to emphasize more sharply than ever before at meetings of this kind the line of demarcation which separates one nation from another. The French anti-militarists, MM. Hervé, Vaillant and Jaurès, advocated the prevention of war in all circumstances by every possible and conceivable means. The Germans demurred. No, they said, the German Social Democrats are Germans first and last when it comes to a question of national existence. The principle of nationality, moreover, must at all costs be maintained with the aid of an army on a democratic footing. When once the international proletariat is armed there will be no more war. No attempt was made to give effect or even a practical form to the idea of internationalism which the Congress had ostensibly assembled to promote. A vague suggestion was made in favor of arming the proletariat

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to the exclusion of the capitalist elements of society. Not, however, in order to defend the proletariat against the capitalists, since their *régime* would have been abolished, but in order to defend the international proletariat against itself. The maligned conception of the non-Socialist order of the world was maintained. It was only proposed to reverse existing conditions and to exchange rôles. As far as the Social Democracy is concerned, therefore, it is evident that no practical suggestions as to the means of effectively maintaining the peace of the world need be expected from this quarter.

"Proletarians of all countries, unite!" was the watchword of the Stuttgart Congress. In the list of subjects for discussion, there appeared the question of emigration and immigration. The topic is a burning one in various quarters of the globe, and the discussion promised to be interesting. The Australian delegate demanded that all elements which tended to cheapen labor and could not reasonably be expected to adapt themselves to the modes of life and thought of the white population should be rigidly excluded from any given State. With a more consistent display of the internationalist spirit the French representatives maintained that, subject to judicious treatment, the Chinese and Japanese, at any rate, were capable of "organization" in the Social Democratic and Trade-Union sense. An Argentine delegate went even further, and urged that every man, be he Jew or Greek, bond or free, had a right not only to migrate as and where he pleased, but also to be admitted to political communion in whichever State he chose to settle. No one protested more emphatically against this sort of "open-door" policy than the American delegate, Mr. Hillquitt, who was described as a naturalized Finn.

The lie was given to internationalist yearnings, and the Utopian "Future State," which has been set as a prize to be won by "*les damnés de la terre*," was completely ignored or only lightly touched upon in the debates. One of the Dutchmen conceived the subtle idea of suggesting that it was high time the Congress started to work out the plan of a Socialist political system, since the various parliamentary assemblies deliberated and legislated on a purely non-Socialist or State-Socialist basis of society. The French leader, M. Vaillant, a veteran of the Commune, rejoined that at present it was impossible to outline a picture of the

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"Future State." With a touch of irony he recalled the fact that M. Jaurès had once promised to supply a sketch of the desired kind, but the promise had apparently been forgotten. M. Jaurès himself thereupon explained that, "fortunately for the development of Socialism, I fell ill at the time!" The motion to postpone the discussion of the nebulous Republic until the next Congress at Copenhagen was hailed with relief by all parties. The "Future State" has accordingly been shelved, together with the other "sentimentalisms."

Stripped of its high ambitions, the Social Democracy finds itself by universal consent becoming once more confined to its original crusade against the classes. Compelled to concentrate upon their rear, the Socialists are not likely to lose anything in strength or determination as the result of having temporarily abandoned their advanced internationalist positions. On the contrary, local activity will probably become more intense.

One of the most important directions in which, from the point of view of a successful Socialist organization throughout the world, some measure of uniformity must at all costs be achieved, lies in the careful adjustment of the relations between the Social Democracy as a political party and the Trade-Unions with their more essentially social and economic activity. A short step in this direction was taken by the Stuttgart Congress, but no permanent foundation for practical use has yet been discovered. In Germany, the Trade-Unions profess neutrality in the political conflict which is being waged on behalf of the proletariat by the Social Democracy. But this profession is apt to be misleading. It is even more inaccurate to imagine that the political Social Democracy and the social and non-political Trade-Unions have become permanently estranged over the famous general-strike controversy which was raised by the doctrinaires. On the contrary, as the Socialists themselves point out, the relationship which it is desired to establish between the two organizations aims at complete interdependence. The German Trade-Unions already number among their members and leaders many of the most influential of the fighting Social Democrats, and there is no so-called "free" Trade-Union which is not very largely composed of similar elements. While to the political organizations, on the one hand, and to the social non-political organizations, on the other, have been assigned different spheres of activity,

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their coöperation in moments of emergency is practically assured. The question as to whether the political party or the Trade-Union is of greater benefit and value to the masses still remains undecided. It is, however, interesting to observe that so experienced a delegate as the Belgian Socialist leader, M. Vandervelde, contends that an increase of efficiency on the part of the Trade-Unions is of infinitely higher service and importance from the point of view of the practical interests of the working-classes than the capture of a few seats in Parliament. The German Social Democracy is in a mood to follow this prescription, and as, in view of its weakened Parliamentary position, this counsel represents the line of least resistance, the hint which it contains of strengthening the Trade-Unions is likely to be followed. As was pointed out during the course of the discussion on the subject at Stuttgart, the Trade-Unions are, in a sense, as much pledged to wage active war against the classes as the Social Democrats themselves, and the more closely the two organizations coöperate, the more likely are their efforts to be successful.

Where local and national differences are still allowed to flourish, international solidarity is out of the question. The successive Congresses at Nancy, Stuttgart and Bath have shown that the moment for speaking of an international alliance of the working-classes has not yet arrived. Perhaps the only point of any international character upon which an agreement has been reached, is the vindication of the principle of the international solidarity of the working-classes in the matter of strike-breaking abroad. This principle has long been under discussion, and it might just as well have been ratified at home. In Germany conditions approach most nearly to the ideal personal union of the two political and social organizations, but the conflict over the general strike clearly showed that complete mutual identification is still far from having been realized. The Social Democracy is reluctant to acknowledge the autonomous claims of the Trade-Unions in matters like the regulation of strikes and kindred questions. Until both parties have fully recognized that, although there is a common ground upon which they can join forces in their battle on behalf of the working-classes, each party, nevertheless, has its own peculiar sphere of action, no definite or permanently profitable coöperation will be possible between the two great branches of the working-class movement.

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WASHINGTON, *October, 1907.*

SINCE a telegraphed summary of the address delivered by the Secretary of War on the opening of the elective branch of the Filipino Legislature has been published, residents of the Federal capital are more than ever inclined to think that his surname should be spelled "Tact." With singular skill he succeeded in pleasing at once the American and the native inhabitants of the archipelago. On the one hand, nothing could be more explicit and unequivocal than his averment that under no circumstances would the United States sell the islands to another Power. The only possible alternative, he said, to a continuance of American rule would be a recognition of the ability of the Filipinos to govern themselves, a recognition coupled doubtless with such a guarantee of protection against foreign aggression as we have given in the case of Cuba. With a frankness that did him credit, and was calculated to dispel some illusions, the Secretary added that, in his opinion, at least three decades must pass before the fitness of the natives for self-rule will have been demonstrated conclusively. Meanwhile, the demonstration of such fitness might be furthered materially by the exhibition of self-restraint, moderation and close attention to the business of the hour on the part of the legislative body which he was addressing. He disclaimed sharing the impression that the outcome of the recent legislative election—wherein only a fraction of the qualified electorate took part, while a majority of the candidates returned were avowed advocates of immediate independence—should be looked upon as a disappointment by American friends of the Filipinos. He had faith, the Secretary said, that, in view of the candid announcement of the policy of the Washington Government, the native lawmakers would postpone premature efforts to secure self-rule, and would devote themselves exclusively to economic reforms and the promotion of industrial progress. That the seed sown by him fell on good ground and bore fruit quickly was presently attested by the choice for Speaker of Señor Osmena, who was formerly Governor of the island of Cebu, and who never has taken any part in revolutionary movements. Significant also was the circumstance that his nomination was seconded in an interesting speech by Señor Gomez, who has been an insurrectionist, but who unexpectedly declared himself against importing politics into legislative business, and who called upon his fellow delegates to show

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their patriotism by renouncing party affiliations and legislating for the benefit of the Philippine people as a whole. What direction such legislation should take Secretary Taft judiciously refrained from defining, except that he recommended that attention should be paid to the civil service, and confessed a hope that the Assembly would favor permanent tenure of office and the bestowal of pensions. Referring to the commercial outlook, and especially to the prospect of free access to the American market for the sugar and tobacco of the Philippines, the Secretary announced a belief that a compromise might be reached in the coming session of the American Congress whereby free trade with the Philippines would be conceded, under the proviso, however, that the aggregate importation of the two commodities named should not exceed a given quantity in any one fiscal year. We trust that this optimistic forecast will be justified by the event, but, as yet, we can see but little ground for thinking that the Stand-Patters are in a compromising mood.

In the Government Departments at Washington there is no longer any effort to disguise the fact that the military and naval authorities are engaged in strenuous preparation for the contingency of war in the Orient. Not that war is desired by any one. But there is a deep-rooted and wide-spread impression that a collision with the United States has been contemplated for some time in Japan, and that the surest way of averting it is to convince the Tokio Government that we cannot be taken by surprise. There seems to be no doubt that, under peremptory orders from the Navy Department, the whole working force at navy yards on the Atlantic coast is being employed in making ready the vessels of the battle-ship fleet for the approaching cruise in the Pacific; that work is being pushed with energy on the fortifications of Subig Bay, the new naval station established near Manila; that contracts have been let for the delivery of 50,000 tons of coal in the Philippines, and that recruitment for the navy is being pressed with the utmost vigor. For the army, too, recruiting is active, though this may be explained upon the ground that it now numbers only 51,000 men, and, therefore, is some twenty thousand short of the desired peace establishment. It does not appear that the number of troops now stationed in the Philippines, which, including the constabulary, amounts to some 16,000, is to be increased immediately; nor is there any

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apparent need of doing so, for a war with Japan, should one occur, would be, primarily, a naval contest. Were our battle-ships to be beaten at sea, we should need more soldiers in the Philippine archipelago, and we should need them badly. Not for a moment, however, is such an outcome of a maritime fight anticipated. As things are for the moment, the American battle-ship fleet is the more powerful in respect of numbers and weight of armament, and, as regards gunnery, is believed to be more efficient. Whether we have a naval strategist and tactician who is the equal of Togo remains, of course, to be proved.

It turns out, according to information transmitted from an authoritative source in Washington to a New York newspaper which hitherto has looked askance upon the project, that the despatch of our battle-ships to the Pacific has been caused by disquieting news communicated to the military and naval Departments of our Federal Government by confidential agents abroad. It seems that Japan has been engaged for months in putting her naval forces on a war footing, and that she has been placing orders of startling magnitude for war material—guns, shells and torpedoes—in England, France and Germany. It is averred on what seems good evidence that for months Japan has been preparing to steal a march upon us, such as was practised in February, 1904, when a Japanese fleet suddenly attacked Russian war-vessels in the neutral harbor of Chemulpo. We were nearly caught napping, it is said; but, as things are, we have recovered lost ground, and our battle-ships will probably reach the Philippines in time to protect those islands against sudden aggression. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that the Tokio Government is now convinced that its stratagem has missed fire, and that it will be inexpedient at this time to challenge the naval competence of the United States in Far Eastern waters. It will have been remarked by close observers that of late not only the statesmen in power at Tokio, but the Opposition headed by Count Okuma, have adopted a most conciliatory tone. It looks, therefore, as if the danger of a maritime war in the Orient, which, not long ago, seemed imminent, had been averted by advancing resolutely to meet it. Such, at least, is the opinion which now prevails among Federal officials possessing exceptional opportunities for gaining trustworthy information.

The second Hague Conference has been for some time a subject

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of jest in official circles at Washington, for the reason that absolutely nothing has been done for the promotion of international peace, and that, even for the secondary object of mitigating the hardships of warfare, the accomplishment is limited strictly to the creation of an international prize court, the procedure of which, however, has to be settled hereafter by diplomatic negotiations. It is felt, at the same time, that the spokesmen of the United States at The Hague are in no wise responsible for the jejune outcome of four months' deliberations. Americans recognize with just complacency that, in a concourse of Europe's most expert diplomatists, our delegates, and especially Mr. Choate and General Porter, have played leading parts. It is no fault of Mr. Choate's that his project for establishing at The Hague a permanent international court of arbitration could not obtain the unanimous approval without which the most sagacious and most persistent efforts go for nothing, according to the rule adopted for the second Peace Conference. Germany and a congeries of weaker Powers dependent on her, or fearing her, would not accept the principle of compulsory arbitration in any case, while Brazil and many other Latin-American commonwealths declined to submit to the jurisdiction of an international tribunal unless each of them should be represented on it. Yet it would be, on the face of things, impracticable to place forty-four judges on the proposed international bench, even if all of these, as, for example, the so-called jurists of Hayti and San Domingo, were certain or likely to command universal respect. Several alternative methods of composing the Court were suggested, but none of them commanded unanimous favor, nor is any likely to in the present or a succeeding conference, organized like this on the principle of absolute equality, without reference to the relative strength of Powers; for a country like the German Empire naturally resents the claim of Costa Rica or Honduras to stand upon an equal footing.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

Of the Ignorance of Women in the Management of Men.

THAT the modern woman approaching or passing through the tiresome middle age should attach more importance to the maintenance of her own figure in pleasing outlines than to that of her husband is not surprising; from childhood she has been taught that beauty and grace are essentials of the gentle sex only, strength being regarded as the main requisite of the other. No particular disadvantage, therefore, inures to a youth, in the esteem of his fair companion, from ruggedness of features, so long as his disposition is amiable, his attentions exclusive and his prospects satisfactory; but if he be fat, his chances of winning favor are correspondingly slim. It is not that a chubby appearance is so distasteful in itself, but rather that it is so provocative of ridicule as virtually to preclude serious consideration of him as a suitor in the mind of a proud and sensitive maiden.

Insensible change of attitude follows marriage almost immediately, and grows and grows until, in the forties, as we have noted, undivided attention is given by the female to her form; and the male may with impunity disregard considerations pertaining to his physical attractiveness, if he retain sufficient activity to be known to the community as a good provider.

We need not question the propriety of one sex absorbing and monopolizing beauty in order to demonstrate the folly of such a policy; we may even go so far as to admit that greater goodness is the inevitable accompaniment of superior grace, and yet find a fatal weakness in the heedless custom. It is natural and right that a woman should be selfish; but, so being, she only deprives herself of full gratification if she fails to nourish her husband as carefully as she preserves pickles at least, and keep him good to behold and long to live. The aged saying that "at forty a man

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is a physician or a fool" may have some basis if he be a bachelor; but, if married, he is properly chargeable with no obligation whatever to familiarize himself with the conditions which are conducive to his physical well-being. The entire responsibility rests upon the wife, who has vastly more at stake, to care for, while pretending to obey, him. It is his privilege, therefore, to be the fool and her duty to be the physician herself.

And how ill-equipped for the performance of this task, however well-intentioned, is the average woman! Practically all she knows is that milk is good for babies, and all she thinks is that grown men must have much food to feed the furnaces of their physical organism. A failing appetite is to her a signal of danger, and, forthwith, anxious and well-meaning, she places before him tempting viands and pleads with him to try to eat more if only to please her, with the inevitable consequence that he, being weak and chivalrous and hating to be hectored and wept over, lugubriously yields and adds fuel, often fatal, to a lurking disorder. Wilful ignorance is at the bottom of all such blundering; while fatuously striving to save them, women kill good providers by the score, and then hold themselves to be fit objects of sympathy because, forsooth, of their self-imposed widowhood.

Frankly, we have no patience with such persons. There is no more occasion for a woman under sixty to be a widow than there is for her to be a spinster; the average man is tough, easily guided and only too glad to conform with any subtle suggestions that are not too obviously for his good or too contrary to his inclinations.

Tact is requisite, of course, but this is a possession common to all women; the lack is in rudimentary knowledge of the demonstrated methods of prolonging physical life. Take, for example, the simple matter of diet. Hardly a woman now alive is ignorant of what hers should be; to preserve that corporeal symmetry to which we have alluded she has sought professional advice; but did ever one hear of a woman paying real money to a physician for prescription of a diet to obviate impending corpulence on the part of her husband? For such purposes she relies unhesitatingly upon her boasted instinct; he smokes too much if bilious, or he drinks too freely if growing stout, and she so informs him; but the information is not news and the truth is so disagreeable to any really human man that he feels quite justified in remarking, as he usually does in such instances, upon the propriety of officious

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persons minding their own business. His attitude is neither obtuse nor contumacious, but he desires tactful suggestion of a rational remedy, not mere reproachful statement of bitter fact, and that is what the woman who has failed to equip herself for the performance of her duty as a caretaker is unable to give. Primarily, therefore, women are responsible, through ignorance, for the multiplication of tobacco hearts and the filling of married drunkards' graves. We say it firmly but not unkindly, as we shall now proceed to demonstrate by indicating in a general way how a man, having been properly reared, may in ordinary circumstances be kept alive and working for his family as long as his services may be required.

Much has been written but little learned respecting diet since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Luigi Cornaro, at the age of eighty-three, set down the results of his personal experience in his first essay on regimen for the aged, entitled, "*Discorsi della Vita Sobria,*" published at Padua in 1558. Thus he wrote:

"There are old lovers of feeding who say that it is necessary that they should eat and drink a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which is constantly diminishing as they advance in years; and that it is, therefore, their duty to eat heartily, and of such things as please their palate, be they hot, cold or temperate; and that, were they to lead a sober life, it would be a short one. To this I answer that our kind mother, Nature, in order that old men may live still to a greater age, has contrived matters so that they should be able to subsist on little, as I do, for large quantities of food cannot be digested by old and feeble stomachs. . . . By always eating little, the stomach, not being much burthened, need not wait long to have an appetite. It is for this reason that dry bread relishes so well with me; and I know it from experience, and can with truth affirm, I find such sweetness in it that I should be afraid of sinning against temperance, were it not for my being convinced of the absolute necessity of eating of it, and that we cannot make use of a more natural food. And thou, kind parent Nature, who actest so lovingly by thy aged offspring, in order to prolong his days, hast contrived matters so in his favor, that he can live upon very little; and, in order to add to the favor, and do him still greater service, hast made him sensible that, as in his youth he used to eat twice a day, when he arrives at old age he ought to divide that food, of which he was accustomed before to make but two meals, into four; because, thus divided, it will be more easily digested; and, as in his youth he made but two collations in a day, he should, in his old age, make four, provided, however, he lessens the quantity as his years increase.

"And this is what I do, agreeably to my own experience; and, there-

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fore, my spirits, not oppressed by much food, but barely kept up, are always brisk, especially after eating, so that I am obliged then to sing a song, and afterwards to write.

"Nor do I ever find myself the worse for writing immediately after meals, nor is my understanding ever clearer, nor am I apt to be drowsy, the food I take being in too small a quantity to send up any fumes to the brain. Oh, how advantageous it is to an old man to eat but little! Accordingly I, who know it, eat but just enough to keep body and soul together."

Cornaro ate of all kinds of food, animal as well as vegetable, but in very small quantity, and he drank moderately of the light wines of his country, diminishing his slender rations as age increased. He finally died without agony, while comfortably seated in an armchair, at the age of one hundred and four. The mere fact that one never hears of a very old stout man establishes the wisdom of the method proposed for the aged; but it is equally applicable in middle life. After pointing out that, when the period of irrepressible vigor which belongs to youth has passed away, it is time to see that our income of food should constitute a harmonious equality with our expenditure through such activity as we have, the learned physician, Sir Henry Thompson, says plainly:

"The balance of unexpended nutriment must be thrown off in some form or other; it may be relegated in the form of fat to be stored on the external surface of the body, or be packed among the internal organs, and thus he or she may become corpulent and heavy, if a facility for converting appropriate material into fat is consistent with the constitution of the individual; for some constitutions appear to be without the power of storing fat, however rich the diet or inactive their habits may be. When, therefore, this process cannot take place, and in many instances, also, when it does, the oversupply of nutritious elements ingested must go somewhere, more or less directly, to produce disease in some other form, probably at first interfering with the action of the liver, and next appearing as gout or rheumatism, or as the cause of fluxes and obstructions of various kinds.

"Less nutriment, therefore, must be taken as age advances, or, rather, as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer. If he continues to consume the same abundant breakfasts, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners, which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body, processes which must inevitably empoison, undermine or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his 'intake,' because a smaller expenditure is an enforced condition of existence."

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What folly, then, for a woman to endeavor, through the concoction of special dishes and by means of earnest pleadings, to tempt the appetite of her bilious provider! Better far deprive him of all food till the natural expenditure has exhausted the income, and then resist rather than encourage the ravenings of nature. This is the first and most important lesson.

The second relates to the use of stimulants in the form of alcohol and tobacco. Not so many years ago, perhaps even now, in New England, all alcoholic beverages were grouped as "rum," no distinction being made between the strongest spirits and the weakest of extracts of malt. This fulness of ignorance no longer exists generally, but a no less common error which does prevail is quite as injurious in effect. Few women perceive harm in the drinking of still wines with meals, and yet the most casual observation will convince any one that this is the custom which is almost invariably responsible for gout, corpulence and general incapacity. On the other hand, it is not uncommon for foolish women to implore their husbands never, under any circumstances, to drink whiskey, being wholly oblivious of the fully established fact that the least harmful of all ways of feeding alcohol to the system is in the form of good whiskey diluted ten times or more in still water of moderate temperature.

Mitigation of the evil effects of the tobacco habit calls for psychological treatment. Man is one of the weakest members of the animal creation and must be dealt with accordingly. While one may, from fear or bravado, succeed in breaking from a fixed practice altogether, none living is strong enough to maintain for any long period of time a moderate limitation upon his cravings. He is a slave of his imagination, resentful of restrictions and dogged in resistance to them. The wise and tactful guide will recognize the existence of these weaknesses of character and, instead of trying to exterminate or overcome them, will seek to circumvent them. Having learned from painstaking inquiry that the only really hurtful smoking is that which precedes the evening meal, she proposes, not a hateful limitation, but a mere redistribution of indulgence. Thus, will he not, for example, smoke but one cigar in the morning and but two in the afternoon, if no complaint be made of the number consumed in the evening? This, like any other suggestion tending to deprive him of personal gratification, he will regard suspiciously at first, but

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will presently yield, having reasoned within himself that he is not acting under compulsion and therefore has no cause of resentment, and being wholly satisfied with any arrangement, the making of which enables him to demonstrate in a condescending manner his exceptional strength of will power.

The consequence is that no tax is put upon his imagination, no challenge is offered to his masculine pride and he finds little difficulty in merely postponing a pleasure, whose total deprivation or definite limitation he would not consider for a moment. He does not perceive, and care should be taken not to point out to him, that in reality his total consumption of tobacco is materially reduced because of the simple fact that there is only so much time between dinner and bed at best—and after a while the hour for the repast may be quietly extended, but this should be done cautiously and for some shrewdly chosen foreign reason, so that the smouldering fires of resentment be not stirred. The inevitable result, of course, is prolongation of the life, improvement of the disposition and enlargement of the powers of the provider, to the great advantage of her whose truly intellectual endeavor so reaps its just reward.

Thus, wives, guide your husbands! realizing that in practical living an ounce of meditation is worth a ton of prayer, and was so by the Lord intended.

Mustaches in the Light of Science.

Not so many years ago it was the custom of men in certain sections of our country to wear beards after the manner of goats, and, even now, in the most rural portion of a very rural community, a pleasing example may occasionally be found. But such instances are rare and seldom noted outside the pages of our comic papers, which continue to depict in this antiquated guise the guileless toiler in the fields. It was a becoming and beneficial fashion which ought never to have been laughed out of existence—comely, in helping to frame a benign countenance suitably, and helpful, in affording protection, from the elements, to the sensitive throat. That the whirligig of time will bring a revival of the custom we have no doubt, but, judging from present indications, not probably in our day.

For the time, then, we are forced to choose between the full beard and the mustache or to dispense with hirsute ornamenta-

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tion altogether. The very marked American tendency towards the latter course is, in our judgment, peculiarly gratifying and should be encouraged in all proper ways. Indeed, it is no small pity that our Chief Magistrate is not, like Philip V, unable to grow any part of a beard; then all of us, of course, emulating the courtiers of the Spanish King, would necessarily go clean-shaven. But, alas! not only does he seem to cherish that most hateful of all such absurd growths, the mustache, but every member of the dominant political party who has been suggested as his remotely possible successor is afflicted in the same manner, and one of them, a quite promising one, by the way, displays a luxuriance of brown hair upon his face such as is seldom seen nowadays. We question whether the beard serves the primary purpose of effecting an improvement in his personal appearance, but in any case, we shall never know, because once the people have become accustomed to regard a political candidate in a certain guise, a change becomes suicidal. But the matter of personal appearance really concerns only those of us who are desirous of finding favor in the eyes of members of the other sex; the dominant consideration in determining the most desirable fashion, in view of our unfortunate inability to revive immediately emulation of the wiser goats is vastly more serious, involving the health of the entire race and especially concerning all women whose liking for intimate association with men is satisfied only by close proximity to them.

We come, then, to the danger of the mustache as recently demonstrated by scientific experiments of the highest order, followed by conclusive results. Of these the most important have been made by a noted French professor, whose studies of all questions relating to the now thoroughly established "germ theory" have won for him great fame. He enlisted the services of two men, one shaven, one bearded, and walked with them through several streets of Paris, the Louvre, several large stores, finally fetching them in a crowded tram-car to his laboratory. There, waiting with subdued expectancy, was a young woman, who—probably the first experience of the kind in the history of her sex—had been hired to be kissed. When the professor had made certain, by the use of antiseptic preparations, that no germs lingered upon the lips of the maiden, the shaven young man applied his lips to hers in the customary manner. The professor then passed a sterilized brush over the young lady's lips, dipped it into

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a test-tube containing a sterile solution of agar-agar and quickly sealed the top. The girl's lips, and face even, having been thoroughly sterilized a second time, the bearded man followed the example of his shaven companion and the sterilized brush and the test-tube were again called into play in the same manner. During each of the operations the young woman held her breath in order that no accidental germ might be drawn upon her lips from the atmosphere.

After four days, the tubes were opened. The first, taken from the shaven man, was speckled with dots, each of which was a colony of yeast germs, such as cause mould but are practically harmless. The second, from the mustached man, literally swarmed with malignant microbes. The long, thin tubercle bacillus was the first found, followed by diphtheria and putrefactive germs, minute bits of food, a hair from a spider's leg and goodness knows what all—so great a variety in any case that nobody had the hardihood to reveal the results of the experiment to the young lady. The conclusion was irresistible and, for the good of the community, is here set down in the very words of the illustrious scientist, viz.:

"The microscope shows that each one of these cells on every hair is the home of more or less dirt and germs. A thorough washing removes what dirt and germs lie loose on the outside of the cells and scrapes away some that lie between. But there is always plenty more lying underneath.

"The fine hairs that cover large portions of the body are not such catchers and holders of dirt and germs as are the hairs of the scalp. Still worse than the latter are those which form whiskers and beards. But the dirtiest and most dangerous, from the point of infection, are those of the mustache.

"The hairs of the mustache are always in a draft from the breath going in and out of the mouth and nostrils. This serves as an excellent means of supplying them with all the dust and microbes that are about. When the matter has become entangled in the hair, the breath serves to keep it warm and moist, favoring the growth of the organisms and the putrefaction of the bits of dead matter which have arrived.

"If any woman could get a look, through a microscope, at the mustache and beard of a man, she would never let him kiss her unless he shaved himself or enveloped his whiskers in aseptic gauze."

Regarding, as we do assuredly, the use of aseptic gauze as impracticable on every occasion, there seems but one thing for all ladies—except, of course, widows—to do, namely, to minimize the

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risks attending practical osculation by insisting upon the removal of mustaches. Indeed, we are disposed to think that it might be well to go yet further and require shaving of the head as well, in conformity with the custom of the older and more sagacious residents of Asia, but for the fact that this practice is so doubtful in origin, so varied in significance and so enmeshed in tradition that vain men, in declining to adopt it—on grounds that might be generally allowed to be more or less reasonable—might at the same time invent specious pretexts for refusing to submit to the one truly requisite reform in relation to countenances which, for reasons sufficient unto themselves, they prefer to keep hidden behind millions of squirming microbes.

Fashions in Dogs.

THE visitor to bench shows need not have a very long memory to perceive that the canine race more than "dimly shadoweth" "the principle of vicissitude and the effluxion of things." To the young of to-day the Newfoundland is as traditional as the pterodactyl. Elders can remember when he was in the height of fashion, and the most popular plaything of childhood. Dickens's "dramatical dog" that was too honest for the stage was a Newfoundland, and one of the most delightful achievements of the British humorist. True, as was pointed out by the American humorist, Joshua Billings, to make a Newfoundland pay it was necessary to have a pond with children continually falling in. But it is a sordid materialism to estimate a household dog by his utility rather than by his social charm.

On the other hand, the useful dog is of the more persistent type, the dog that can do something in particular—which mainly means that can hunt something. The bulldog, indeed, vindicates himself in case of a burglar in the back yard. He has been evolved for the purpose of hanging on, originally or etymologically, to a bull's muzzle, later to a burglar's calf, having gradually shed irrelevant characters until he has come to consist as exclusively as possible of jaw. The maxillary maximum is the ideal of the breed, and Dr. Johnson qualified as an expert in his famous deliverance about Dr. Taylor's specimen: "No, sir, he is *not* well shaped, for there is not the quick transition from the thickness of the fore part to the tenuity behind which a bulldog ought to have." The prize bulldog of George the Third would thus be the

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prize bulldog of Edward the Seventh. It is the same with sporting dogs. One cannot imagine any serious modifications of the pointer, the setter, or the retriever. So long as they continue to be the fittest for their work, they will survive by fitness.

It is the toy dog which is an article of fashion, almost as much as a bonnet, and is equally doomed to extinction and the ash-heap when the fashion changes, the victim, as it is the product, of the caprice of man. The survival to our time of the King Charles, much as you may see him on the canvases of Van Dyke, and of his slight variant the Blenheim—albeit in a toothless and peevish condition that attests the defects of in-and-in breeding—is really a wonderful exception. But where now is the not more useless and not less ornamental "Spitz" of only one generation ago? He is with the plesiosaurus. It is true he was, justly or unjustly, suspected of a particular liability to rabies, "charged, perhaps, with venom," and his extinction may have been hastened by the suspicion. But he passed without lamentation and almost without notice, whereas he used, yelping, to pervade all thoroughfares, and tempt all boots but those of his owner. For that matter, where is the black-and-tan? "Here and there," like the North-American Indian, "a scattered few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors!" Where is the Oxford, whereby an Earl of that title thought to immortalize his name? Where, even, is the Dandie Dinmont? Let the collie, which has been diverted from his business of rounding up sheep to that of ornamenting benches and bringing fancy prices; let the French bulldog; let the fox-terrier and the poodle think on these things, and abate their haughtiness. They also may be one with Nineveh and Tyre!

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